

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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NO 51

POST CARD GIVES UP CROOK

Post Card View is Means of
Landing Joseph Schweiger
in Jail

TAKEN BACK TO HAMMOND

Is Charged With Having Stolen Money
From Landlady and Then He
Beat It

A postcard view of one of the lake resorts of Lake County proved the undoing of at least one man who is now in the toils.

Josey Schweiger resided in Hammond, Ind., where he held a position. He was staying at a boarding house. One day, according to the charge there has been made against him, he discovered that his landlady had hidden \$81 in her trunk. He decided that a trunk was a very unsafe place to use for a bank.

That day Schweiger turned up missing. His boarding house keeper though little of this fact for boarders often leave without giving any notice, but the fact that her \$81 disappeared simultaneously caused her to entertain strong suspicions and there was more than a coincidence in the two disappearances.

She told her story to the Hammond police and they agreed with her that where they found Schweiger the money would not be far away. They set out to find Schweiger, but it was no easy task for he had left no trace of his whereabouts.

Then a few days ago a friend of Schweiger received a post card from the missing man. It was mailed from Grayslake Lake County and showed a view of the little village. Schweiger said he was having the best sort of an outing at the lake.

The confidence he had reposed in his friend was misplaced for the latter turned the card over to the police and word was sent to Grayslake to arrest Schweiger and await further instructions. This was done and Schweiger is now on his way back to Hammond where he will be obliged to stand trial.

Annual Browe School Reunion

The Thirteenth annual Reunion of the Browe school on Thursday last was a grand success. It is thought that there was not one absent one among those who years ago went to that institution of learning.

Old acquaintances were renewed and stories of the olden days were told to the delight of those who came after. Teachers and pupils alike joined in the celebration of the event and none were so old nor none were so young that they didn't enjoy themselves.

Games were played by those who cared to play and visiting was indulged in by those who cared to visit and they all did. The day as a whole was one of the most delightful that has ever been spent at the reunion.

Marjorie's Good Wishes.

Marjorie's father was away on a journey, and Marjorie deemed it her duty to send him a bulletin as to home affairs. After the expenditure of much labor and ink she produced the following paragraph: "My Dear Daddy—Mother is well. I am very well. The baby is very well, and has a lot more sense now. Hoping you are the same."

Beautiful Names.

"We must have a beautiful name for the baby," said the fond mother. "Something that sounds like poetry and is not at all commonplace." "Well," replied the fond father, "I'm doing my best to help you make a selection. Here's a list of the names of all the apartment houses in town."—Washington Star.

Trees Many Centuries Old.

Probably the oldest trees in England are yews. There is, for instance, one in the churchyard at Burrington, Co. Down, where the famous hymn, "Rock of Ages," is said to have been written, which is estimated to be at least sixteen hundred years old, and there is also a very ancient one in the churchyard at Stoke Poges, where Gray wrote his "Elegy."

OFFICERS ELECTED

BY THE G. A. R.
LAST WEEK

The members of the Grand Army who held their annual reunion at Waukegan Wednesday and Thursday of last week, elected officers for the coming year as follows:

The following committee on nominations was first appointed, Comrade Herman Wheeler, G. E. Prouty, C. E. Webb, A. T. White, and C. Fullen. They submitted the following list of candidates:

President—Thos. Strang, Wadsworth. First Vice-President—D. L. Jones, Waukegan.

Second Vice-President—John Bullard, Libertyville.

Third Vice-President—Frank Sheppard, Gurnee.

Secretary-Treasurer—Herman Hall, Waukegan.

Executive committee: H. Wheeler, Libertyville; Geo. E. Prouty Waukegan; A. T. White, Waukegan; Joseph Haycock, Antioch; Fred Worth, Waukegan; Jerome Burnett, Antioch.

These names were submitted to the veterans and upon motion the candidates were elected by a unanimous vote.

What Rosing Stands For

Now as the day set for the holding of the primaries is rapidly approaching, we deem it fitting to call attention to a few facts in regard to the election of a man to fill the office of county treasurer. To begin with we will state that we consider Mr. Rosing the man for the job. Not that we have anything against his opponents, far from it, Mr. Hepburn and Mr. McDonough are both good fellows and perhaps if their platform had been the same we might have made a different choice, but be that as it may, when Mr. Rosing comes out and directly states that he is satisfied with the salary alone and is willing to let the county take the interest money and the inheritance tax fee, how could we, a newspaper, whose stand has always been to boost anything that goes toward the betterment of the community, give our support to anyone else.

Mr. Hepburn nor Mr. McDonough have either one seen fit to make this offer and in fairness to Mr. Rosing and to the taxpayers alike we take this means of bringing the matter before the minds of our readers. As it looks to us the matter in a nutshell is this, are the voters of this county willing to let the county accept a sum of money reaching upwards into the thousands of dollars? If it was your own private business and one man could and would give you as efficient service for a salary as another would for the same salary and commissions attached which would you employ? There is no need to answer, now consider the county's business from the same standpoint, and your vote will be your answer.

Color of Primary Ballots

Announcement is hereby made that the Colors of the Primary Ballots to be used at a Primary Election to be held in Lake County, Illinois, on the ninth day of September, A. D. 1914, by the respective parties will be as follows:

Republican party, white.

Democratic party, green.

Progressive party, light blue.

For Social Justice.

Socialist party, salmon.

Dated the 8th day of August A. D. 1914.

Lew A. Hendee, County Clerk.

English Prejudice Against Corn.

Malze has long been grown in England as a forage crop for cattle and horses—but this is not sugar corn—and the average Britisher has not yet overcome his prejudice against eating horse feed. Yet English cattle and English horses have an enviable reputation in parts of the world outside of England, and it may be that the Englishman will take a leaf out of his horse book.

Only Creditable Fears.

The worst hurt of all, and the one which leaves the most hideous scar, is to be wounded in character by cowardice. Fear of being afraid or of doing wrong are the only fears that are creditable.

Black Men in the World.

Africa is the second largest continent in the world. There are perhaps 150,000,000 people of whom, while 50,000,000 are Mohammedans, not over 1,000,000 are Christians. Every tenth man in the United States is a black man. Every seventh man in the world is a black man.

Delay Is Fatal.

When a marriage is put off, the probability is that it will never occur. The fine burst of courage which enables a man to face a marriage service comes to him only once or twice in his lifetime.—Topeka Daily Capital.

MAKE BIG SEIZURE OF MAIL

Postmaster Grady of Waukegan Seized Mail of 2,000 Letters

REFERRED TO \$50 IN GOLD

Letters Pass Grayslake Post Office All Right But Are Seized by Grady in Waukegan Post Office

Two thousand persons did not receive a letter last week in Waukegan who had one carefully addressed to them.

Two thousand letters, nicely stamped with one cent stamps and containing much reading matter are now enroute from Waukegan to the dead letter office at Washington.

Two thousand letters, the biggest number ever included in such a step in Waukegan were seized by Postmaster Grady one day last week.

Two thousand one cent stamps and the consequent envelopes, printed matter thus are a complete loss to the original sender and eventually will be destroyed by the government officials at Washington. It develops that, last week, DeCourdes Bros., of Grayslake sent out thousands of letters advertising the auction sale at Druc's Lake last Saturday of the old Vandwood place, cottages, hotels, etc. As an attraction to prospective bidders, their advertising matter the statement that \$50 in gold was to be "given away."

However, only one person would get that \$50—the one who held the "lucky number" on tickets which were to be given away at the gate to all who attended the sale. That was the clause which plainly violated the postal laws, for under the laws, nobody shall have a right to send mail matter which refers in any way to a prospective raffle, or chance game.

The 2,000 letters which were mailed out passed the Grayslake postoffice and reached Waukegan. The postmasters are expected to peruse the contents of it big shipment of mail of this character and therefore Postmaster Grady investigated to see if the matter was all right. He found the clause in question reported it to the postoffice inspector and immediately was told to seize the entire shipment. At least this is supposed to be the course followed, for while Mr. Grady declined to discuss the matter, only so far as admitting that the mail had been seized, that is the usual course in such matters. The postmasters who discover objectionable matter always refers to the inspectors and the latter advise them what to do. So, the mail being seized, it's natural to conclude that the course followed was as above stated.

The senders were notified of the seizure of the mail and they accordingly dispatched peddlers to Waukegan and elsewhere who distributed the circulars by hand as far as possible and gave away the numbered tickets to induce attendance at the grounds.

This is said to be the largest seizure of mail made in Waukegan in many years and is in line with the government's policy, not to permit reference to prospective raffles, etc., in mail matter, either via letter or in newspapers.

Evolution.

If the theory of evolution "has been overthrown" the fact is not generally known. So far from being "overthrown" the theory is stronger today, say the leading scientists, than it ever was. Indeed, so these scientists inform us, the theory of evolution is now accepted by the faculties of the great learned institutions of the world and is taught as part of the general education.—Chicago Examiner.

Fortunate People.

It has been rightly said that "the fortunate people—the truly fortunate—are not so much those who succeed in life as those who succeed in living." Right living is a beautiful art, made up of courage and kindness and hard work and true religion; and it is open to everybody.—Selected.

Prosperity for Posterity.

Americans carry a total life insurance of \$34,000,000,000. If a few of us died, how prosperous the country would be!—Wall Street Journal.

LOOK FOR COLORED WING ARMY WORM

Public Help is Asked to Hunt For this Worm by Department of Agriculture

ONE WING BEING COLORED

A Better Knowledge of the Habits of This Destructive Worm is Desired by the Government

Everyone interested in the destruction of the army-worm pest is being requested by the U. S. Department of Agriculture to look out for the army-worm moths with one artificially colored wing. The Department's entomologists are catching army worm moth where they are plentiful, coloring one wing of each, and then liberating them in the same territory to see whether these moths fly directly west or north and how quickly and far, they will spread. A better knowledge of the habits of this pest should enable the Department to control its spread. No moths are to be let loose where their liberation could possibly add to the natural damages.

The moths are already showing themselves in Virginia and in Maryland and the Department's agents are catching specimens at Portsmouth and Charlottesville in Virginia and Hagerstown in Maryland. The agents at Portsmouth are applying a red stain to one wing of each specimen caught; those at Charlottesville a black or yellow stain; and those at Hagerstown, a violet color. Then the moths are left to follow the natural course they would have pursued.

"Look for the Army-worm moth with a colored wing during the coming month," the department's Bureau of Entomology is advising the agents west of the Mississippi. Any one obtaining a marked specimen will aid in the campaign by reporting the fact to the Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C. When its presence has been noted, the moth should be destroyed.

The wings of the Army-worm moth, when outspread, measure about one and one half inches from tip to tip. The body is about half this length. The general shape of the moth with its wings outspread is triangular. The moths will hover about the lights in the evening. On farms, they will be found on the outside of screens and doors at night. They will probably not be observed in the daytime. On dark, hot, close nights, such as precede thunder storms, they will probably be especially noticeable.

The army-worm pest has caused considerably damage to the crops and lawns throughout the northern United States east of the Mississippi. The worms are only now disappearing in northern Maine and Michigan, which were probably hatched from the eggs of moths migrating from more southern portion of the country. With the additional knowledge that this experiment will give, the department hopes to control the spread of the pest more completely in coming years.

Battle Field Statistics.

The result of careful observations made at battle-field hospitals by one of the leading surgical authorities of the French gives the relative frequency of wounds not instantaneously mortal as: Slight, 60 per cent; serious, 15 per cent; very serious, 25 per cent. The experience of recent wars shows the head and the right arm as the most frequent lodging places of projectiles.

Hasty Sightseeing.

Europeans are wont to talk of Americans who rush through Europe with a guide book in one hand and a railroad timetable in the other, but an Englishman overheard on a New York bus the other day was in a class by himself for speed. "I've been up to the Metropolitan museum," he volunteered to a seatmate. "Bally fine place, but big. Took me an hour to see everything in it."

One Thing Grouch Can Do.

"A grouch," observes the Jamestown Optimist, "adds to the happiness of others only by keeping away from them."—Kansas City Star.

FLAGS PUT ON ALL SCHOOLS, IS URGED BY VETERANS

Recently the Waukegan Post of the G. A. R. adopted a resolution in which they requested that the American flag be displayed from every school, great or small, in the county during school hours. At the soldiers and sailors reunion which just closed its session in Waukegan the association which is composed of veterans from all parts of the county, ratified the action of the Waukegan post, doing so by the passing of a resolution.

This resolution reads as follows:

Whereas, Waukegan Post No. 374 Department of Illinois, in regular session adopted the following resolution:

Be It resolved, By Waukegan Post No. 374 Department of Illinois, that the officials of the different school districts of Lake county be requested to make arrangements to have the flag of our country displayed at the different school houses during school hours.

Therefore, The Soldiers and Sailors Reunion Association, in reunion assembled, unanimously endorse the said resolution and ask its observance.

Herman Hall, adjutant of the Waukegan Post and secretary and treasurer of the Soldiers and Sailors Reunion association, declared that the suggested plan in the opinion of the old veterans is a fitting and commendable one and said that while the majority of the schools in the county already have flag staffs and display flags frequently that it is not followed systematically.

Not only is it a courtesy to the old veterans, he said, but it is the best way to instill patriotism into the growing boys and girls of the county.

It is said that a copy of the resolution is to be sent to the head of every school in the county with a request that it be put into effect.

Juvenile Party at Beach Grove

About twenty of the young ladies of Beach Grove were entertained at a juvenile party at the Donker home on Friday afternoon of last week, with Misses Helen Donker and Dorothy Reilinen acting as hostesses of the occasion. The juvenile idea was carried out in every way, each guest wearing a gown of juvenile design, and most of them lived through the tortures of sleeping on curl papers the night previous in order that they might appear at the party in a creditable array of curls. The afternoon was spent in playing drop the handkerchief, ring around the rose, etc., on the lawn as well as indulging in a game of jacks upon the parlor floor. Two Figie Islanders entertained the guests for a time with a few of their native dances, after which the little folks were lined up to pose for their pictures. About five o'clock lemonade and striped stick candy was served and as each one departed for their home they carried with them a soap bubble pipe as a souvenir of the occasion. To say that each enjoyed the afternoon, but mildly expressed it and all present are in their praise of the novel idea so cleverly carried out.

Red Sox Trim Grayslake

The ball game Sunday was a pretty snappy game and resulted in a victory for the home team who handed Grayslake a defeat of 5 to 3. Both teams had a strong lineup, and both entered the game with a grim determination to carry off the laurels. In the first inning the Red Sox made the start that saved the day for them. The teams were about evenly matched in strength and when the Grayslake boys rallied in the ninth inning and made two scores, with good prospects to two more it began to look as though a ten inning game would be necessary. Although threatened showers put a damper on the afternoon to a certain extent a good sized crowd stayed to the finish and were there to cheer when the home team won out.

SCORE BY INNINGS

Antioch.....3 1 0 0 0 1 0 *—5
Grayslake.....0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2—3

Really Not Her Fault.

Little Jane is impish, lovable and very ingenious in the matter of excuses for her frequent wrongdoings. Reproached, the other evening, for an ill-spent day, she yawned gently defiant. "Yes, I know I've been naughty, but, really, I couldn't help it. I specially asked God to make me good today, but he didn't choose to do it."

Altogether Out of Place.

James Payn once told the story of a visiting person who was starting the prayer for rain when the clerk pulled his coat tails. "You mustn't read that, sir," he said. "But it's a prayer for a good harvest, my man," expostulated the preacher. "That's just it, sir," explained the clerk; "the visitors are our harvest, and we want none of your rain."

CATTLE WAR IS STARTED

Action Will be Started by State Which Lake Co. Will Feel Effects

EMBARGO ON SHIPPING BEEF

Territory Around Elgin is Considered the Worst Violator of this Law In This Respect

The long expected action by the state and federal authorities against the shipment of tubercular cattle into this county is believed to have come to a head as orders have been issued from Springfield calling upon the state board of health to act with the federal authorities in a war on infected beasts declared to be common in this and other counties of the state.

Through a co-operative scheme of state veterinaries and the bureau of animal industry at Washington a system is being evolved which, if carried out will free the state of tubercular cattle in one generation.

An embargo is planned soon against shipment out of and into Cook, DuPage, Kane, McHenry and Lake counties. It is in these counties, it is said, that the cattle dealers from the so-called Elgin district sell most of their infected cattle.

As soon as the embargo is in full swing efforts will be made to raise the embargo, declared by other states against cattle from Illinois. There are now six states which require special certificates of inspection for all cattle shipped out of Illinois. Formerly sixteen states had similar regulations.

A proclamation issued by Governor Dunne last January helped in solving the problem of tubercular cattle in the state. It has worked with success in nearly every part of the state except in the five counties against which the embargo will be declared.

There will be two notices published against the five counties, one by Dr. Dyson, the state veterinary surgeon and another by the bureau of animal industry. The two notices will prevent both interstate and intrastate shipments. Otherwise conditions in the counties will not be changed.

Only one certificate, issued either by the state or federal authorities will be required before shipments may be sent out or received.

Through the workings of the state's plan an effort will be made to segregate reacting and nonreacting herds.

The farmers and slaughtering houses of Lake county have felt for some time that there should be something done with regards to the importation of tainted beef here and it is thought that they will do all they can to aid the state in the work to be started.

Some Famous Italians.

Volta and Galvani made great contributions to the science of electricity, but Galvani was not a scientist. His energies all ran in the direction of battle for the social and political emancipation of humanity, especially of his own countrymen. If you have not already done so you should read the life of Galvani—the most popular name in the history of modern Italy.—Chicago Examiner.

To Mend Celloid.

Any article made of celloid may be mended with collodion. Scratch the broken edges to be mended with a sharp knife until a smooth surface is secured. Apply the collodion and press tightly together for several minutes. Let stand at least twenty-four hours. Liquid collodion will answer as well, since the main ingredient is collodion.

Safer Way to Turn.

You've noticed that every time a party of joyriders comes to grief it is because the motor car "turned turtle." Now, if some of these speeding cars would turn tortoise and slow down, so-called valuable lives might be saved.—Chicago Tribune.

Heard at the Hospital.

"Remember Clancy," said the doctor, "this case must be isolated." "All right, sir," was the reply. "Where will I get the tea?"



SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in Burton's Inn near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city to identify the body. Wrاندall, it appears, had led a gay life and neglected his wife.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"I'm not so sure of it," said the coronor, shaking his head. "I have a feeling that she isn't one of the ordinary type. It wouldn't surprise me if she belongs to—well, you might say the upper ten. Somebody's wife, don't you see. That will make it rather difficult, especially as her tracks have been pretty well covered."

"It bents me, how she got away without leaving a single sign behind her," acknowledged the sheriff. "She's a wonder, that's all I've got to say."

At that instant the door opened and Mrs. Wrاندall appeared. She stopped short, confronting the huddled group, dry-eyed but as pallid as a ghost. Her eyes were wide, apparently unseeing; her colorless lips were parted in the drawn rigidity that suggested but one thing to the professional man who looks: the "rise sardonicus" of the strychnine victim. With a low cry, the doctor started forward, fully convinced that she had swallowed the deadly drug.

"For God's sake, madam," he began, but as he spoke her expression changed; she seemed to be aware of their presence for the first time. Her eyes narrowed in a curious manner, and the rigid lips seemed to surge with blood, presenting the effect of a queer, swift-fading smile that lingered long after her face was set and serious.

"I neglected to raise the window," Dr. Sheef, she said in a low voice. "It was very cold in there." She shivered slightly. "Will you be so kind as to tell me what I am to do now? What formalities remain for me?"

The coroner was at her side. "Time enough for that, Mrs. Wrاندall. The first thing you are to do is to take something warm to drink, and pull yourself together a bit."

She drew herself up coldly. "I am quite myself, Dr. Sheef. Pray do not alarm yourself on my account. I shall be obliged to you, however, if you will tell me what I am to do as speedily as possible, and let me do it so that I may leave this—this unhappy place without delay. No! I mean it, sir. I am going tonight—unless, of course," she said, with a quick look at the sheriff, "the law stands in the way."

"You are at liberty to come and go as you please, Mrs. Wrاندall," said the sheriff, "but it is most foolhardy to think of—"

"Thank you, Mr. Sheriff," she said, "for letting me go. I thought perhaps there might be legal restraint." She sent a swift glance over her shoulder, and then spoke in a high, shrill voice, indicative of extreme dread and uneasiness:

"Close the door to that room!"

The door was standing wide open, just as she had left it. Started, the coroner's deputy sprang forward to close it. Involuntarily, all of her listeners looked in the direction of the room, as if expecting to see the form of the murdered man advancing upon them. The feeling, swiftly gone, was most uncanny.

"Close it from the inside," commanded the coroner, with unmistakable emphasis. The man hesitated, and then did as he was ordered, but not without a curious look at the wife of the dead man, whose back was toward him.

"He will not find anything disturbed," doctor, said she, driving his thought. "I had the feeling that something was creeping toward us out of that room."

"You have every reason to be nervous, madam. The situation has been most extraordinary—most trying," said the coroner. "I beg of you to come downstairs, where we may attend to a few necessary details without delay. It has been a most fatiguing matter for all of us. Hours without sleep, and such wretched weather."

They descended to the warm little reception room. She sat at once for the inn keeper, who came in and glowered at her as if she were wholly responsible for the blight that had been put upon his place.

"Will you be good enough to send some one to the station with me in your depot wagon?" she demanded without hesitation.

He stared. "We don't run a bus in the winter time," he said, gruffly.

She opened the little chateleine bag that hung from her wrist and abstracted a card which she submitted to the coroner.

"You will find, Doctor Sheef, that the car my husband came up here in belongs to me. This is the card issued by the state. It is in my name. The factory number is there. You may compare it with the one on the car. My husband took the car without obtaining my consent."

"Joy riding," said Burton, with an ugly laugh. Then he quailed before the look she gave him.

"If no other means is offered, Doctor Sheef, I shall ask you to let me take the car. I am perfectly capable of driving. I have driven it in the country for two seasons. All I ask is that some one be directed to go with me to the station. No! Better than that, if there is some one here who is willing to accompany me to the city, he shall be handsomely paid for going. It is but little more than 30 miles. I refuse to spend the night in this house. That is final."

They drew apart to confer, leaving her sitting before the fire, a stark figure that seemed to detach itself entirely from its surroundings and their companionship. At last the coroner came to her side and touched her arm.

"I don't know what the district attorney and the police will say to it, Mrs. Wrاندall, but I shall take it upon myself to deliver the car to you. The sheriff has come out to compare the numbers. If he finds that the car is yours, he will see to it with Mr. Drake, that it is made ready for you. I take it that we will have no difficulty in—"

He hesitated, at a loss for words.

"In finding it again in case you need it for evidence?" she supplied. He nodded. "I shall make it a point, Doctor Sheef, to present the car to the state after it has served my purpose tonight. I shall not ride in it again."

"The sheriff has a man who will ride with you to the station or the city, whichever you may elect. Now, may I trouble you to make answer to certain questions I shall write out for you at once? The man is Challis Wrاندall, your husband? You are positive?"

"I am positive. He is—or was—Challis Wrاندall."

Half an hour later she was ready for the trip to New York city. The clock in the office marked the hour as one. A tottled individual in a great buffalo coat waited for her outside, hiccupping and bandying jest with the half-frozen men who had spent the night with him in the forlorn hope of finding the girl.

Mrs. Wrاندall gave faint instructions to the coroner and his deputy, who happened to be the undertaker's assistant. She had answered all the questions that had been put to her, and had signed the document with a firm, untrembling hand. Her veil had been lowered since the beginning of the examination. They did not see her face; they only heard the calm, low voice, sweet with fatigue and dread.

"I shall notify my brother-in-law as soon as I reach the city," she said. "He will attend to everything. Mr. Leslie Wrاندall, I mean. My husband's only brother. He will be here in the morning, Doctor Sheef. My own apartment is not open. I have been staying in a hotel since my return from Europe two days ago. But I shall attend to the opening of the place tomorrow. You will find me there."

The coroner hesitated a moment before putting the question that had come to his mind as she spoke.

"Two days ago, madam? May I inquire where your husband has been living during your absence abroad? When did you last see him alive?"

She did not reply for many seconds, and then it was with a perceptible effort.

"I have not seen him since my return until—tonight," she replied, a hoarse note creeping into her voice. "He did not meet me on my return. His brother Leslie came to the dock. He—she said Challis, who came back from Europe two weeks ahead of me, had been called to St. Louis on very important business. My husband had been living at his club. I understand. That is all I can tell you, sir."

"I see," said the coroner, gently. He opened the door for her and she passed out. A number of men were grouped about the throbbing motor car. They fell away as she approached, silently fading into the shadows like so many vast, unwholesome ghosts. The sheriff and Drake came forward.

"This man will go with you, madam," said the sheriff, pointing to an unsteady figure beside the machine. "He is the only one who will undertake it. They're all played out, you see. He has been drinking, but only on account of the hardships he has undergone tonight. You will be quite safe with Morley."

No snow was falling, but a bleak wind blew meanly. The air was free from particles of sleet; wetly the fall of the night clung to the earth where it had fallen.

"If he will guide me to the Post-road, that is all I ask," said she hurriedly. The curtains in an upstairs window were blowing inward and a dim light shone out upon the roof of the porch. She shuddered and then climbed up to the seat and took her place at the wheel.

A few moments later the three men standing in the middle of the road watched the car as it rushed away.

"By George, she's a wonder!" said the sheriff.

CHAPTER II.

The Passing of a Night.

The sheriff was right. Sara Wrاندall was an extraordinary woman, if I may be permitted to modify his rather crude estimate of her. It is difficult to understand, much less describe a nature like hers. Fine-minded, gently bred women who can go through an ordeal such as she experienced without breaking under the strain are rare indeed. They must be wonderful. It is hard to imagine a more heart-breaking crisis in life than the one which confronted her on this dreadful night, and yet she faced it with a fortitude that seems almost unboly.

She had loved her handsome, wayward husband. He had hurt her deeply more times than she chose to remember during the six years of their married life, but she had loved him in spite of the wounds up to the instant when she stood beside his dead body in the cold little room at Burton's Inn. She went there loving him as he had lived, yet prepared, almost forewarned, to loathe him as he had died, and she left him lying there alone in that dreary room without a spark of the old affection in her soul. Her love for him died in giving birth to the hatred that now possessed her. While he lived it was not in her power to control the unreasoning, relentless thing that stands for love in woman; he was her lover, the master of her impulses. Dead, he was an unwholesome, unlovely eld, a pallid thing to be scorned, a bulk of worthless clay. His blood was cold. He could no longer warm her with it; it could no longer kill the chill that his misdeeds cast about her tender sensitiveness; his lips and eyes never more could smile and conquer. He was a dead thing. They lay separate and apart. The life was broken. With love died the final spark of respect she had left for him in her tired, loyal, betrayed heart. He was at last a thing to be despised, even by her. She despised him.

She sent the car down the slope and across the moonless valley with small regard for her own or her companion's safety. It swerved from side to side, skidded and leaped with terrifying suddenness, but held its way as straight as the bird that flies, driven by a steady hand and a mind that had no thought for peril. A sober man at her side would have been afraid; this man swayed mildly to and fro and chuckled with drunken glee.

Her bitter thoughts were not of the dead man back there, but of the five years that she was to bury with him; years that would never pass beyond her ken, that would never die. He had loved her in his wild, ruthless way. He had left her times without number in the years gone by, but he had always come back, gaily unchastened, to remold the love that waited with dog-like fidelity for the touch of his cunning hand. But he had taken his last flight. He would not come back again. It was all over. Once too often he had tried his reckless wings. She would not have to forgive him again. Uppermost in her mind was the curiously restful thought that his troubles were over, and with them her own. A hand less forgiving than hers had struck him dead.

Somehow, she envied the woman to whom that hand belonged. It had been her divine right to kill, and yet another took it from her.

Back there at the inn she had said to the astonished sheriff:

"Poor thing, if she can escape punishment for this, let it be so. I shall not help the law to kill her simply because she took it in her own hands to pay that man what she owed him. I shall not be the one to say that he did not deserve death at her hands, whoever she may be. No, I shall offer no reward. If you catch her, I shall be sorry for her, Mr. Sheriff. Believe me, I bear her no grudge."

"But she robbed him," the sheriff had cried.

"From my point of view, Mr. Sheriff, that hasn't anything to do with the case," was her significant reply.

"Of course, I am not defending her."

"Nor am I defending her," she had retorted. "It would appear that she is able to defend herself."

Now, on the cold, trackless road, she was saying to herself that she did have a grudge against the woman who had destroyed the life that belonged to her, who had killed the thing that was hers to kill. She could

not mourn for him. She could only wonder what the poor, hunted, terrified creature would do when taken and made to pay for the thing she had done.

Once, in the course of her bitter reflections, she spoke aloud in a shrill, tense voice, forgetful of the presence of the man beside her:

"Thank God they will see him now as I have seen him all these years. They will know him as they have never known him. Thank God for that!"

The man looked at her stupidly and muttered something under his breath. She heard him, and recalling her wife, asked which turn she was to take for the station. The fellow lopped back in the seat, too drunk to reply.

For a moment she was dismayed, frightened. Then she resolutely reached out and shook him by the shoulder. She had brought the car to a full stop.

"Arouse yourself, man!" she cried. "Do you want to freeze to death? Where is the station?"

He straightened up with an effort, and, after vainly seeking light in the darkness, fell back again with a grunt, but managed to wave his hand toward the left. She took the chance. In five minutes she brought the car to a standstill beside the station. Through the window she saw a man with his feet caked high, reading. He leaped to his feet in amazement as she entered the waiting-room.

"Are you the agent?" she demanded.

"No, ma'am. I'm simply staying here for the sheriff. We're looking for a woman—say!" He stopped short and stared at the veiled face with wide, excited eyes. "Good night! May be you—"

"No, I am not the woman you want. Do you know anything about the trains?"

"I guess I'll telephone to the sheriff before I—"

"If you will step outside you will find one of the sheriff's deputies in my automobile, helplessly intoxicated. I am Mrs. Wrاندall."

"Oh," he gasped. "I heard 'em say you were coming up tonight. Well, say! What do you think of—"

"In there a train in before morning?"

"No, ma'am. Seven-forty is the first."

She waited a moment. "Then I shall have to ask you to come out and get your fellow-deputy. He is useless to me. I mean to go on in the machine. The sheriff understands."

The fellow hesitated.

"I cannot take him with me, and he will freeze to death if I leave him in the road. Will you come?"

The man stared at her.

"Say, is it your husband?" he asked agape.

She nodded her head.

"Well, I'll go out and have a look at the fellow you've got with you," he said, still doubtful.

She stood in the door while he crossed over to the car and peered at the face of the sleeper.

"Steve Morley," he said. "Fuller's a goat."

"Please remove him from the car," she directed.

Later on, as he stood looking down at the inert figure in the big rocking chair, and panting from his labors, he heard her say patiently:

"And now will you be so good as to direct me to the Post-road."

He scratched his head. "This is mighty queer, the whole business," he declared, assailed by doubts. "Suppose you are not Mrs. Wrاندall, but—the other one. What then?"

As if in answer to his question, the man Morley opened his bleary eyes and tried to get to his feet.

"What—what are we doin' here, Mrs. Wrاندall? Wha's up?"

"Stay where you are, Steve," said the other. "It's all right." Then he went forth and pointed the way to her. "It's a long ways to Columbus Circle," he said. "I don't envy you the trip. Keep straight ahead after you hit the Post-road." He stood there listening until the whirr of the motor was lost in the distance. "She'll never make it," he said to himself. "It's more than a strong man could do on roads like these. She must be crazy."

Coming to the Post-road, she increased the speed of the car, with that sharp wind behind her, her eyes intent on the white stretch that leaped up in front of the lamps like a blank wall beyond which there was nothing but dense oblivion. But for the fact that she knew that this road ran straight and unobstructed into the outskirts of New York, she might have lost courage and decision. The natural confidence of an experienced driver was hers. She had the daring of one who has never met with an accident, and who trusts to the instincts rather than to an actual understanding of conditions. With her, it was not a question of her own capacity and strength, but a belief in the fidelity of the engine that carried her forward. It had not occurred to her that the task of guiding that heavy, swerving thing through the unbroken road was something beyond her powers of endurance. She often had driven it a hundred miles and more without resting, or without losing zest in the enterprise; then why should she fear

the small matter of 30 miles, even under the most trying of conditions?

Sharply there came to her mind the question: was she the only one abroad in this black little world? What of the other woman? The one who was being hunted? Where was she? And what of the ghost at her heels?

The car bounded over a railroad crossing. She recalled the directions given by the man at the station and hastily applied the brake. There was another and more dangerous crossing a hundred yards ahead. She had been warned particularly to take it carefully, as there was a sharp curve in the road beyond.

Suddenly she jammed down the emergency brake, a startled exclamation falling from her lips. Not 20 feet ahead, in the middle of the road and directly in line with the light of the lamps, stood a black, motionless figure—the figure of a woman whose head was lowered and whose arms hung limply at her sides.

The woman in the car bent forward over the wheel, staring hard. Many seconds passed. At last the forlorn object in the roadway lifted her face and looked vacantly into the glare of the lamps. Her eyes were wide-open, her face a ghastly white.

"God in heaven!" struggled from the stiffening lips of Sara Wrاندall. Her fingers tightened on the wheel.

She knew. This was the woman! The long brown ulster; the limp, fluttering veil? "A woman about your size and figure," the sheriff had said.

The figure swayed and then moved a few steps forward. Blinded by the lights, she bent her head and shielded her eyes with her hand; the better to glimpse the occupant of the car.

"Are you looking for me?" she cried out shrilly, at the same time spreading her arms as if in surrender. It was almost a wail.

Mrs. Wrاندall caught her breath. Her heart began to beat once more.

"Who are you? What do you want?" she cried out, without knowing what she said.

The girl started. She had not expected to hear the voice of a woman. She staggered to the side of the road, out of the line of light.

"I beg your pardon," she cried—it was like a wail of disappointment—"I am sorry to have stopped you."

"Come here," commanded the other, still staring.

The unsteady figure advanced; halting beside the car, she leaned across the spare tires and gazed into the eyes of the driver. Their faces were not more than a foot apart, their eyes were narrowed in tense scrutiny.

"What do you want?" repeated Mrs. Wrاندall, her voice hoarse and tremulous.

"I am looking for an inn. It must be near by. I do—"

"An inn?" with a start.

"I do not recall the name. It is not far from a village, in the hills."

"Do you mean Burton's?"

"Yes. That's it. Can you direct me?" The voice of the girl was falter; she seemed about to fall.

"It is six or eight miles from here," said Mrs. Wrاندall, still looking in wonder at the miserable night-farer.

The girl's head sank; a moan of despair came through her lips, ending in a sob.

"So far as that?" she murmured. Then she drew herself up with a fine show of resolution. "But I must not stop here. Thank you."

"Wait!" cried the other. The girl turned to her, once more. "Is it a matter of life or death?"

There was a long silence. "Yes, I must find my way there. It is—death."

Sara Wrاندall laid her heavily gloved hand on the slim fingers that touched the tire.

"Listen to me," she said, a shrill note of resolve ringing in her voice. "I am going to New York. Won't you let me take you with me?"

The girl drew back, wonder and apprehension struggling for the mastery of her eyes.

"But I am bound the other way. To the inn. I must go on."

"Come with me," said Sara Wrاندall firmly. "You must not go back there. I know what has happened there."

Come! I will take care of you. You must not go to the inn."

"You know?" faltered the girl.

"Yes. You poor thing! There was infinite pity in her voice.

The girl laid her head on her arms. Mrs. Wrاندall sat above her, looking down, held mute by warring emotions. The impossible had come to pass. The girl for whom the whole world would be searching in a day or two, had stepped out of the unknown and, by the most whimsical jest of fate, into the custody of the one person most interested of all in that self-same world. It was unbelievable. She wondered if it were not a dream, or the hallucination of an overwrought mind. Spurred by the sudden doubt as to the reality of the object before her, she stretched out her hand and touched the girl's shoulder.

Instantly she looked up. Her fingers sought the friendly hand and clasped it tightly.

"Oh, if you will only take me to the city with you! If you only give me the chance," she cried hoarsely. "I don't know what impulse was driving me back there. I only know I could not help myself. You really mean it? You will take me with you?"

"Yes. Don't be afraid. Come! Get in," said the woman in the car rapidly. "You—you are real?"

The girl did not hear the strange question. She was hurrying around to the opposite side of the car. As she crossed before the lamps, Mrs. Wrاندall noticed with dulled interest that her garments were covered with mud; her small, comely hat was in sad disorder; loose wisps of hair fluttered with the unsightly veil. Her hands, she recalled, were clad in thin suede gloves. She would be half-frozen. She had been out in all this terrible weather—perhaps since the hour of her flight from the inn."

The odd feeling of pity grew stronger within her. She made no effort to analyze it, nor to account for it. Why should she pity the slayer of her husband? It was a question unasked, unconsidered. Afterwards she was to recall this hour and its strange impulses, and to realize that it was not pity, but mercy that moved her to do the extraordinary thing that followed.

Trembling all over, her teeth chattering, her breath coming in short little moans, the girl struggled up beside her and fell back in the seat.

Without a word, Sara Wrاندall drew the great buffalo robe over her and tucked it in about her feet and legs far up about her body, which had slumped down in the seat.

"You are very, very good," chattered the girl, almost inaudibly. "I shall never forget—"

She did not complete the sentence, but sat upright and fixed her gaze on her companion's face. "You—you are not doing this just to turn me over to—the police? They must be searching for me. You are not going to give me up to them, are you? There will be a reward I—"

"There is no reward," said Sara Wrاندall shrilly. "I do not mean to give you up. I am simply giving you a chance to get away. I have always felt sorry for the fox when the time for the kill drew near. That's the way I feel."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! But what am I saying? Why should I permit you to do this for me? I meant to go back there and have it over with. I know I can't escape. It will have to come. It is bound to come. Why put it off? Let them take me, let them do what they will with me. I—"

"Hush! We'll see. First of all, understand me: I shall not turn you over to the police. I will give you the chance. I will help you. I can do no more than that."

"But why should you help me? I—I—oh, I can't let you do it! You do not understand. I—have—committed—a—terrible—"

she broke off with a groan.

"I understand," said the other, something like grimness in her level tones. "I have been tempted more than once myself. The original remark made no impression on the listener."

"I wonder how long ago it was that it all happened," muttered the girl, as if to herself. "It seems ages—oh, such ages."

"Where have you been hiding since last night?" asked Mrs. Wrاندall, throwing in the clutch. The car started forward with a jerk, kicking up the snow behind it.

"Was it only last night? Oh, I've been—"

The thought of her sufferings from exposure and dread was too much for the wretched creature. She broke out in a soft wail.

"You've been out in all this weather or?" demanded the other.

"I lost my way. In the hills back there. I don't know where I was."

"Had you no place of shelter?"

"Where could I seek shelter? I spent the day in the cellar of a farmer's house. He didn't know I was there. I have had no food."

"Why did you kill that man?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Guarding Against Expense.

It took a New York millionaire to hit upon the best scheme yet for cutting down household expenses if one must wed; he married a fashionable milliner.—Baltimore News



She Knew—This Was the Woman.

FABLES IN SLANG

GEORGE ADE

The New Fable of the Night Given Over to Careless Revelry.

All those who had done time at a certain endowed institution for shaping and polishing highbrows had to close in once a year for a banquet. They called it a Banquet because it would have been a joke to call it a Dinner.

The invitations looked like real Type-Setting and called upon all Loyal Sons of Old Bohunkus to dig up 3 Sesterces and get ready for a Big Night.

To insure a riot of spontaneous Gaiety the following Organization was effected:

Committee on Invitation.
Committee on Reception.
Committee on Lights and Music.
Committee on Speakers.
Committee on Decorations.
Committee on Police Protection.
Committee on First Aid to Injured.
Committee on Maynard.

Committee on Liquid Nourishment.
Each Committee held numerous Meetings, at the Call of the Chairman, and discussed the impending Festivities with that solemn regard for piling Detail which marked the Peace Conference at the Hague.

The Fable was to be perpetrated at a Hotel famous for the number of Electric Lights.

The Hour was to be 6:30. Sharp, so that by 6:45 four old grads, with variegated Bohunkazars, were massed together in the Egyptian Room trying to fix the Date on which Dr. Miles Lohquoset became Emeritus Professor of Sarcenic Philology.

Along about 7:30 a Sub-Committee wearing Satin Badges was sent downstairs to round up some recent Alumni who were trying to get a running Start and 7:45 a second Detachment was sent out to find the Nescio Party.

Finally at 8 o'clock the glad Throng moved into the Main Banquet Hall, which was a snaky Apartment about the size of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, done in Gold and various shades of Pink, to approximate the Chambermaid's Dream of Paradise. The Style of Ornamentation was that which precipitated the French Revolution.

Beside each Plate was a blonde Deacon named in honor of the Martial which is given to kill at a distance of 2,000 Yards. The company had been done in a Churn early that morning and the Temperature was that of the Moon, in compliance with the Dictates of Fashion.

Those who partook of the Hemlock were given Courage to battle with the Oysters. These came in Sestettes, wearing a slight ptomaine pucker. On the 20th Proximo they had said goodbye to their Friends in Baltimore and for Hours they had been lying naked and choked with thirst in their little Capes and now they were to enter the great Unknown, further sacrifices to the Volaries of Pleasure.

Luckily the Connoisseur was not hot enough to scold the Thumbs of the jovial Suvodores who had been brought in as Extras, so the Feast proceeded merrily, many of the Participants devoting their spare Moments to bobbing for Olives or pulling the Twine out of the Celery.

The Fish had a French name, having been in the Cold Storage Battle for so long. Each Portion wore a heavy Suit of Armor, was surrounded by Librery Pate and served as a Toot for two Golf Balls billed as Poinettes de Torre.

It was a regular Banquet, so there was no getting away from Fllet du Biff aux Champignons. It was brought on merely to show what an American Cook with a Lumber-Camp Training could do to a plain slice of Steer after reading a book written by a Chef.

Next, in accordance with honored Tradition, a half-melted Snowball impregnated with Eau de Quinine.

Just about the time that the White Vinegar gave way to the Aniline Dye, a nut-headed Swizzle, who could get into Matteawan without Credentials, moved down the Line of Distinguished Guests asking for Autographs. His Example was followed by 150 other Shropshires, so that for the next 30 Minutes the Festal Chamber resembled the Auditing Department of a large Mercantile Establishment.

During this Period the Department of Geology in the University was honored by the appearance of a genuine petrified Quail. And the Head Lettuce carried the Personal Guarantee of the Goodyear Rubber Co.

Between the Rainbow Ice Cream and the Calcareous Promenade, a member of the class of '08 who could not Sing arose and did so.

Then each guest had to take a Tablespoonful of Cafe Noir and two Cigars selected by a Farmer Student who had promised his Mother never to use Tobacco.

It was now after 10 o'clock and time to go home. Those who had started to tune up along in the afternoon were dying on the Vlno. Others, who had tried to catch even on the \$3 Ticket, felt as if they had been loaded with Pig Iron. Up at the Long Table enough Speakers to supply a Chautauqua Circuit were feeling of themselves to

make sure that the Manuscript had not been lost. Each thought that he was the Orator of the Evening.

The Committee had put on the Toast Program every one who might possibly take Offense at not being Asked.

Also they had selected as Toastmaster a beaming Broncho whose Vocal Chords were made of seasoned Moose-Hide and who remembered all the black-face Gravy that Billy Rice used to shoot across at Lew Benedict when Niblo's Garden was first opened.

After every 20-minute Address he would spend ten minutes in polite kidding of the Last Speaker and then another 10 Minutes in climbing a Mountain Height from which to present the Next Speaker.

Along about Midnight the Cowards and Quitters began crawling out of Side Doors, but most of the Loyal Sons of Old Bohunkus propped themselves up and tried to be Game.

Before 1 o'clock a Member of the Faculty put them on the Ropes with 40 Minutes on projected Changes in the Curriculum.

At 1:30 the Toastmaster was making Speech No. 8 and getting ready to apply the Oldest Living Graduate.

Protected by all the Gray Hairs that was left to him he began to Reminisce,



Four Old Grads Were Massed Together.

going back to the Days when it was considered a Great Lark to put a Cow in the Chapel.

The Toastmaster arrived home at 3 a. m. and aroused his Wife to tell her it had been a Great Success.

MORAL—If they were paid \$3 a Head to stand for it, no one would attend.

The New Fable of the Young Fellow Who Had No Father to Guide Him.

Once there was a Boy who had been told twice a Day ever since he could remember that if he started to go into one of those Doggeries with Swinging Doors in front and Mirrors along the Side, a Blue Flame would shoot out and burn him to a Cinder.

Also he had been warned that every Playing Card in the whole Deck was a Complimentary Ticket admitting one to a Hot Griddle in the Main Parquette of the Flery Burnaco.

And every little Paper Cigar was another Spike in the Burial Casket.

With seven or eight Guardians trailing him Day and Night to keep him away from the Lures of the Wicked World it looked like a Pipe that he would grow up to be the Dean of a Theological Seminary.

Across the Street lived a poor unfortunate Lad whose Father was making the futile Endeavor to take it away faster than the Revenue Officers could put Stamps on it. He was the original Idiot.

When they were trying to pry him away from it he would take a chance on anything from Arnelia to Extract of Vanilla.

According to all the Laws of Heredity the only Son was cast for the Part of Joe Morgan.

He is now the Head of a Mail-Order House. When he sees a Corkscrew he pulls his Hat firmly over his Ears and runs a Mile.

The Graduate of the Lecture Bureau may be found in a Swagger Club any evening with a Bouchon H. B. at his Right, a stack of Student Lamps at his Left and Two Small Pair pressed closely against his Bosom.

MORAL—The Modern Ambition seems to be to vary the Program.

No Chance for the Real Thing. The young man brought some verses to his father.

"Father, I have written poems."

"What! Let me see them instantly."

The father read them over carefully, the tears slowly welling to his eyes as he did so.

Finishing the last one he threw down the manuscript, folded the boy to his breast and sobbed:

"Oh, my poor, poor son!"

"Aro they so bad as that, father?"

"Aro they are excellent. They are real poetry. My boy, my boy, you will starve to death!"

AUTO RACER KILLED

SPENCER WISHART FATALLY HURT WHILE GOING 110 MILES AN HOUR AT ELGIN, ILL.

DE PALMA WINS THE TROPHY

Millionaire Driver of Philadelphia Crushed When Car Hite Another Machine—Several Persons Are Hurt When Auto Goes through Fence.

FINISH OF ELGIN RACE.

Pos. Car and Driver. Time.
1. Mercedes, D. De Palma. 4:06:18
2. Mercer, Ed Pullen. 4:07:28
3. Stutz, Barney Oldfield. 4:24:02
4. Sunbeam, Gaston Morris. 4:31:09
5. Burman Spl., Ed Hearne. 4:35:47
Average per hour—De Palma, 73.5; Pullen, 72; Oldfield, 68.2; Morris, 66.7; Hearne, 65.6.

Elgin, Ill., Aug. 25.—Ralph De Palma, driving in a race marked by the death of Spencer Wishart, young Philadelphia millionaire pilot, several injured, and the most spectacular driving ever seen on the Elgin course, emerged the victor for the second time in two days, when he won the Elgin National trophy on Saturday.

De Palma sent the German Mercedes around the 301 miles at an average speed of 73.5 miles an hour, a tenth of a mile slower than his time in the contest for the Chicago Automobile club trophy Friday.

Wishart met injuries in the fourteenth lap of the race which caused his death shortly afterward in St. Joseph's hospital here. He died in the arms of his bride of nine weeks. He was married June 23 to Miss Louise McGowan, daughter of the late Hugh McGowan, Indianapolis traction magnate.

The Philadelphia had completed his thirteenth lap and was two miles away on his fourteenth. He had gained his car's maximum acceleration down the back stretch. In front of him, traveling at a comparative slow speed, was Otto Henning, a Chicagoan, and Wishart's teammate, driving the smallest Mercer. Henning's mechanic looked back and saw Wishart coming. He looked at the road and saw it was the narrowest part of the course.

He signaled Henning to pull to the right and waved to Wishart to come on. His speed, it is thought, must have been about one hundred and ten miles an hour. There was a staccato note as the right rear tire of his car struck the left front hub cap of Henning's Mercer. The impact was slight and Henning's machine was not swerved from its course, but at Wishart's speed the result was terrifying.

Wishart fought the wheel and succeeded in keeping the car straight, although it raked against a picket fence, along which the car catapulted for 100 feet, tearing pickets and posts from their supports. Spectators lined the fence, and madly scrambled for safety. Some were injured. Wishart turned his machine off the embankment and attempted to regain the road. He escaped one tree, but was brought up sideways against another with terrific impact. From the wreck John C. Jenter, Wishart's mechanic, was thrown 50 feet. Wishart fell a few feet from the machine. Several rushed to him. He was conscious, but Jenter was in a coma. Both were rushed to St. Joseph's hospital. Wishart retained consciousness until he died.

J. E. LAMB OF INDIANA DIES

Former Representative in Congress and Proposed Mexican Envoy Succumbs at Home.

Terre Haute, Ind., Aug. 25.—John E. Lamb, former congressman from Indiana and President Wilson's selection for ambassador to Mexico, died at his home here.

Mr. Lamb had been a leader in Democratic politics for a number of years, and was a strong friend and supporter of Vice-President Marshall. He was opposed in his candidacy for the United States senate by Thomas Taggart of French Lick when John W. Kern was elected to the upper branch of congress.

\$200,000 FIRE IN ILLINOIS

Lives of 15,000 People in Aurora Endangered When Tank of Nitroglycerin Exploded.

Aurora, Ill., Aug. 25.—Explosions accompanying a \$200,000 fire that completely destroyed the factory of the William F. Jobbins Chemical company threatened the lives of 15,000 people residing near the plant. Great steel tanks, filled with nitroglycerine exploded and parts were blown in every direction over the city. The explosions shook the entire city.

New Ship Still Sent In.

Washington, Aug. 25.—Authority for the government to buy German liners without limit was proposed in a joint resolution in the house. It was referred to the merchant marine committee.

Movie Head Dies After Auto Accident.

New York, Aug. 25.—Charles J. Hite of New Rochelle, president of the Theatrical Film corporation, whose automobile turned a somersault off a bridge, died of his injuries on Saturday.

AMERICANS REACH U. S.

LINER LA FRANCE BRINGS 1,374 FROM EUROPEAN WAR ZONE.

Wealthy Travel in Steerage—Majority Arrive Penniless and Minus Their Baggage.

New York, Aug. 22.—La Franco of the French line from Havre with 1,374 American refugees from the war zone of Europe, reached her pier at five o'clock Thursday evening. An immense crowd of friends and relatives was on the dock to meet the returning voyagers, and there were scenes of hysteria all over the place attending the debarkation of passengers.

Passengers declared that they were compelled to pay as high as \$1,000 for first-class transportation. It was also charged that persons who had engaged first-class accommodations were pushed back into the second and third-class cabins. The passengers were for the most part minus luggage. An occasional dog was about the only incumbrance.

The Franco had 534 first, 384 second cabin and 447 steerage passengers, the latter including many persons of wealth and refinement.

Despite the fact that the ship was handled by a green crew and a captain who had never been on her before, she made an average speed of 22 knots. She made no pretenses at disguise. Nor did she try to creep in under the cover of darkness. She came across with all her lights blazing, her band and orchestra playing programs diplomatically arranged and with dances and concerts every evening.

Germans, French and Americans—not to forget a few blanch-faced women from the North countries and worried looking Italians in the steerage—composed the personnel of the passenger list. She sighted and signaled several British cruisers.

Her passengers saw more than one hundred thousand British troops land at Havre. The big liner was due to sail on August 4, but she did not get away until the French authorities learned from the British admiralty that the seas were safe, and that was on August 4.

There were men and women on the La Franco who came on cattle-trains from Paris. Some of them were jewelry and clothing which represented many hundreds of dollars. But many of these same persons had less than ten dollars in currency apiece, and were overjoyed to learn that they might enter the general scramble for steerage berths.

FLASHES OFF THE WIRE

Kansas City, Aug. 25.—Rural Jackson county voted "dry" by about eight hundred votes in a local option liquor election in all parts of the county. Two thousand women frustrated attempts to vote fraudulently.

Washington, Aug. 25.—Loaning government funds deposited for financing crops, at a higher rate of interest than four per cent or for other purposes, would be made illegal by a bill introduced in the house.

London, Aug. 25.—The official press bureau has issued the first casualty list of the British expeditionary force in Belgium. It is three dead and 20 wounded. During the last 24 hours more than 37,000 have joined Lord Kitchener's new army. This constitutes the world's record of a day's recruiting.

U. S. WHEAT TO SWITZERLAND

More Than Million Bushels to be Shipped by Legation Charge in Washington.

Washington, Aug. 22.—More than 1,000,000 bushels of American wheat are on the way to Switzerland in British bottoms, the shipment of three cargoes having been arranged by Dr. Charles Paul Hubacher, charge of the legation here. Arrangements have been made to allow the passage through France and Italy of foodstuffs intended for Switzerland. The legation has little fear that the cargoes will be taken by Great Britain although she could do so, provided payment were made.

Give \$100,000 for Nation.

Montreal, Aug. 22.—The Bank of Montreal announced that the directors had authorized a contribution of \$100,000 for national patriotic purposes.

Two Killed, Four Injured.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 22.—Two men were killed, four others were injured and a horse was so badly hurt it had to be shot when the foundation walls of a new building gave way.

Trolley Strike Ends at Hazelton.

Hazelton, B. C., Aug. 25.—The Hazelton trolley strike, which started January 1, was officially declared off by the men on Saturday. The Lehigh Traction company agreed to take all of the men back.

D. M. Parry Is No Better.

San Francisco, Aug. 25.—The condition of D. M. Parry, chairman of the foreign trade committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, remains extremely grave. He has uraemia.



Drink
Coca-Cola

And feel your thirst slip away. You'll finish refreshed, cooled, satisfied.

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Wherever you see an Arrow that of Coca-Cola.

Slight Difference.

"So your maid had pre-empted the sherry bottle, had she?"
"No, pre-empted."

FACE FULL OF PIMPLES

4240 So. California Ave., Chicago, Ill. —"About a year ago my face was full of pimples and red spots. To sleep one night without itching was almost impossible. Some of the pimples would get big and red and if I touched them they would pain, while others would get white heads on them and when they broke open some matter came out. They would burn and itch and I scratched them so that sometimes they would break and bleed. That always caused them to be worse.

"I bought all kinds of salves and creams and I found out that they did me no good. I noticed the Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertisement and I sent for a free sample. I went to the drug store and bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment and I found the pimples were drying out. In two months I was well." (Signed) Chas. J. Peck, May 7, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

A Good Shot.

A San Franciscan, who has been hunting in the vicinity of Lake Tahoe without bagging any game, came upon a mountaineer who was feeding a caged wildcat he had caught the day before.

"How much will you take for that beast?" he asked.

The captor said \$5 and the money was paid over.

"Now," said the Nimrod, "tie one end of a strong cord to that tree and another to the cat's neck, and then open the door of the cage."

This was finally accomplished and the fierce animal stood straining at its tether.

The sportsman, who was watching the exercises from the interior of the cabin, leveled his rifle across the window sill, took careful aim and blazed away. The wildcat gave a joyful yell and disappeared in the forest. The bullet had cut the rope.

Forgetful Vacationist.

The family had gone off for their holiday in a taxi. Twenty minutes later the taxi sorted back up the road.

"Forgotten the tickets?" cried a neighbor.

"No," said the irate householder, "but my wife's just remembered that she's left a kettle boiling on the gas stove."

He dived into the house, and came back the next moment with a ghastly calm on his face.

"All right now?" said the neighbor cheerily.

"Right! I'd forgotten that I'd turned the gas off at the meter—and now we've two hours and a half to wait for the next train."

All Right With Him.

An applicant for appointment to the position of deputy marshal for one of the counties of Southwest Virginia asked a citizen of that county to endorse his recommendation. The man took the paper, glanced over it, then wrote something and handed it back. The applicant read:

"Waiving the language of the endorsement above, I will say that if the appointive board sees fit to appoint Mr. Blank as deputy marshal for this county it will be perfectly agreeable with me—I'm going to locate in Kentucky."—National Food Magazine.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Result.

"Did the doctor limit you to any particular diet?"

"No, but his bill did."

It's when it is too hot-headed that love is apt to grow cold.

Sore Eyes
Irritated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murloc Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murloc Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Don't let the Eye Freckle Druggists or Murloc Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

One Too Many.

The bus was rolling up Fifth avenue in a heavy groudswell, on a murky night. Perhaps it was only that the chauffeur and conductor were both sleepy, or maybe it was only the mugginess that deceived them.

On the corner at Thirty-fifth street stood, waiting to cross, a belated delivery boy, holding erect by the waist a dressmaker's dress form. The chauffeur thought he detected a fare, and slowed his craft in to the curb. The conductor looked out through the fog, shook his head, and rang the bell to go ahead.

"Room for one only," he said, and the bus rolled on.—New York Evening Post.

Easily Classified.

Hemmandhaw, who was writing a letter, looked up to inquire: "Is it ever permissible to apply gender to volcanoes?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Hemmandhaw returned, "but if it is they are surely masculine."

"Why?"

"Because they sputter, grumble and smoke."

Close Quarters.

Janitor—This is the vacant suite, sir.

Pompous Party—My good fellow, I said apartments, not compartments.

Don't Wear A Truss!

After Thirty Years Experience I Have Made A New Discovery For Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

Costs You Nothing To Try It.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail I will succeed. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my book on Rupture and its cure, showing my new discovery and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember: I use no salves, no trusses, no ties. I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. Its well worth your time whether you try my discovery or not.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. H. BROOKS, 1511 State Street, Marshall, Minn.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper full information of your new discovery for the cure of rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

LAW

Evening Classes

Lack of money or lack of time need not stand in your way if you want to study Law. Come to Chicago Kent College and study Law in the evening. Courses in Law, English, History, Science, Literature, and other subjects. Tuition free. Books and supplies furnished. Free examination in all cases. Catalogue sent on request. Write today to Chicago Kent College of Law, 650 Lakeview Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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HOLSTEIN CATTLE



JAMES DORSEY, DEPT. W. N. GILBERTS, KANE COUNTY, ILLINOIS

PARKE'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to condition hair. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. Use and Flow as Directed.

WANTED

8 job carpenters; 2 carpenters; 1 painter; 1 plasterer; 1 plumber; 1 electrician; 1 tinsmith; 1 blacksmith; 1 cooper; 1 millwright; 1 machinist; 1 fitter; 1 turner; 1 welder; 1 riveter; 1 boiler maker; 1 sheet metal worker; 1 sign painter; 1 glazier; 1 bricklayer; 1 mason; 1 carpenter; 1 cooper; 1 millwright; 1 machinist; 1 fitter; 1 turner; 1 welder; 1 riveter; 1 boiler maker; 1 sheet metal worker; 1 sign painter; 1 glazier; 1 bricklayer; 1 mason; 1 carpenter; 1 cooper; 1 millwright; 1 machinist; 1 fitter; 1 turner; 1 welder; 1 riveter; 1 boiler maker; 1 sheet metal worker; 1 sign painter; 1 glazier; 1 bricklayer; 1 mason; 1 carpenter; 1 cooper; 1 millwright; 1 machinist; 1 fitter; 1 turner; 1 welder; 1 riveter; 1 boiler maker; 1 sheet metal worker; 1 sign painter; 1 glazier; 1 bricklayer; 1 mason; 1 carpenter; 1 cooper;

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

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Telephone Antioch 581

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1914.

The office of County Treasurer is one of the most important to be filled at our coming fall election. It is an office that carries with it an unlimited amount of responsibility, and one to fill that office must possess a marked business ability. Who, we ask, is better qualified to carry this responsibility than our neighbor down the line, Mr. Wm. Rosing, of Round Lake. His eight years of service in the capacity of postmaster, the number of years that he has been the head of a successful mercantile establishment speak for themselves as to his executive ability. In his announcement he openly states that he will retain only the salary fixed by the County Board and that he will turn over to the county all interest money and inheritance tax fees. Think, before you vote, of the thousands of dollars that this will place into the coffers of Lake county, and also stop and think that, if deprived of this, from what source will these same coffers be filled. In answering yourself you will say why taxation of course. Now one more question for your own inner self to answer. Are you not even now almost overburdened with taxes? Once more you answer yes. Now again would you not welcome anything that will reduce this same tax? Again you answer yes. Now is your opportunity to be fair to yourself and by voting for Mr. Rosing you vote for a man who voluntarily gives back into the treasury of this county the money that since time immemorial has been considered the rightful share of the man who held the office of Treasurer, and which even when demanded by the County Board has never been returned to the county. Here we have a man willing to fill the office for the salary alone, and cut out all the trimmings. He is not a member of any political ring, but is a clean cut young man from the western part of the County and the News does not hesitate to recommend him as the one who will do the best for us as a County

official if we give him our support at the primaries on the ninth of September.

As each day passes more, and more, is being heard in favor of Wm. McKenzie of Highland Park for County Superintendent of Schools. If Mr. McKenzie is elected he will fill the office with credit to himself as well as to the advantage of the entire county. His twenty years experience at the head of the schools of Highland Park has given him an insight into the needs of the county schools and his thorough knowledge of the educational requirements will make him an invaluable aid toward their advancement. He has always proven himself conscientious in all his dealings, and is, in fact a man who, as head of the schools can be looked up

Yes, it now looks very much as though Orvis is to be our next County Judge and a more fair, just, and efficient man could not be chosen for the place. His published announcements make it clear to all just where he stands, and anyone voting for him is not casting his vote in the dark. If you are interested in any one or all of the reforms that he proposes to bring about and who is not, look up his record and satisfy yourself whether or not he is a man who lives up to his word. Think over this question of taxes and then cast your vote for Orvis. If anyone can equalize taxation ORVIS CAN and WILL.

Bullock's chances of becoming Congressman are steadily increasing, not only in the County of Lake but throughout the entire district, and his friends in this vicinity are highly elated over what they predict to be a certain victory. While he may not be given to attending political meetings and handing out a line of flowery oratory, he is given to the keeping of every pre-election promise either implied or directly given. He has been assured of the support of the twenty-fifth ward of Chicago which clearly shows the confidence that is being placed in his ability.

to as an example worthy to follow, and one whose opinion can at all times be respected and his advice followed. In short when you give your vote to Mr. McKenzie you may be sure your confidence will not be violated, and in placing him in this important position you are doing much to aid the youth of the county, as well as giving the right man an opportunity to prove his worth.

HATCH

LOOKS LIKE
A WINNER

Hon. Fred L. Hatch

With the above heading the Woodstock Republican of August 31, said: Recent reports from Lake county are to the effect that Hon. Fred L. Hatch of Antioch, candidate for the Bull Moose or Progressive nomination for the legislature, will carry Lake county at the primaries on Sept. 9. over Fayette Munro, the Chicago lawyer, and present Progressive member of the legislature from this district.

That Mr. Hatch will carry this and Boone county over Munro at the primaries has been conceded among the Progressives for several weeks. For some reason, Munro has made no campaign in this county or Boone, and if he has made any effort to arouse any Progressive sentiment in Lake county, or even make a campaign for himself in that county, the numerous papers of Lake county have failed to make any mention of the matter.

Reports from Lake county are to the effect that even Munro supporters concede Hatch will carry that county over Munro and that Hatch will be nominated by a safe majority.

It is even rumored that Munro has practically given up the fight, and the absence of any active work throughout

(Continued on page eight)



Advertisement

Carl P. Westerfield
Candidate for
COUNTY CLERK

Subject to the decision of the Republican Primary to be held September 9 1914.


JAS. HEPBURN
Candidate for
COUNTY TREASURER

Subject to the Decision of the Republican Primaries, Sept. 9th, 1914.

As deputy county treasurer during the past four years, I believe I have performed the duties faithfully, I have endeavored at all times to be courteous and accommodating and on these merits I am asking for this promotion.



Advertisement

**FOR
STATE
TREASURER**
CHARLES E.
HOOKE
OF OTTAWA


Candidate for Republican Nomination. Primary election Sept. 9, 1914.

Qualified by training and experience. Banker 34 years. Cashier, First National Bank 13 years. Assisted in conducting last two state campaigns as Republican State Central committeeman, 12th Congressional District. Mayor of Ottawa six years. Has never sought nor held state office.


WILLIAM A. ROSING
Candidate For
County Treasurer

Subject to the Decision of the Republican Primaries

September 9th, 1914

Your Support Respectfully Solicited

If chosen to represent the Republican Party for the office of County Treasurer, and if elected, I will accept, as remuneration for my whole time and the best business and administrative ability I possess, the salary allowed by the County Board of Supervisors as full pay. I will turn into the County Treasury, as earnings of the Office, every penny received from interest on public monies, inheritance tax fees or any other source. I believe the salary allowed by the Board is ample compensation and am willing to give the work my best attention without thought of any perquisite.

Advertisement


LEW A. HENDEE
County Clerk

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries to be held on Wednesday, September 9th, 1914. Your vote and support is respectfully solicited.

Advertisement

**To the Republican Voters of the Eighth
Senatorial District:**


I hereby announce myself a candidate for nomination for Representative in the Lower House of the General Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the Eighth District, consisting of the Counties of Lake, McHenry and Boone, at the primaries to be held September 9, 1914.

If nominated and elected I shall vote for and favor:

1. A constitutional convention, to the end that the State may have:
 - (a) A more adequate and modern revenue law.
 - (b) A shorter ballot in elections.
 - (c) An end to minority representation in the Assembly, and the three (3) vote system.
 - (d) A restriction upon the power of the City of Chicago in the Legislature, and a greater measure of home rule for the City of Chicago.
 - (e) An easier method of amending the constitution than now provided for.
 - (f) Our constitution should be otherwise modernized in various particulars.
2. I shall vote and work for an effective County Local Option Law, as the results of the Township Law show plainly that the County should be the unit in voting on the saloon question.
3. I shall favor, as I always have favored, such legislation as protects the dairy farmer, and I shall endeavor to secure such a settlement between the State Board of Health and the Chicago Board of Health and the dairy interests so that both interests can live.
4. In the House, I shall favor the cutting down of the standing committees from sixty-eight to fifteen in number, and make them all working committees; and shall favor the doing away with all rules that prevent the House, by a majority, from acting at any time as the majority of the House see fit.

A stenographic record of everything said, and done in each House of the Legislature should be taken and made a part of each day's printed Journal and given the widest circulation and publicity.

Very respectfully,

EDWARD D. SHURTLEFF.



I cut off a free list from the water department in Waukegan of Ten thousand dollars (98 per cent of these could well afford to pay, but had not paid because of influence politically) in the first year I was commissioner. The next year I found several thousand more.

I can do just what I say; I can appoint a board of review who will do just what my inspectors did in Waukegan. **EQUALIZE TAXES.**

E. V. ORVIS.

COLD, STORMY WEATHER
Has no horrors for the man who has a plentiful supply of our celebrated Pittston Coal on hand. It is a great satisfaction to know the wife and children at home are comfortable when the cold, wintry winds are blowing. A word to the wise.

Order Your Pittston Coal now
In calm weather prepare for the storm.

For Sale By
F. J. HUNT

**The
Trifling Sum
of
One Cent
Will Buy
Considerable
Electric Service**

It will pay for electricity sufficient to operate a 16 candle power carbon lamp 2 hours, or a sewing machine motor 1 hour, or a vacuum cleaner 45 minutes, or a washing machine 30 minutes, or keep a six pound flat-iron hot 30 minutes or make 6 cups of coffee in an electric percolator, or cook a Welsh rarebit in a chafing dish, or make 15 slices of toast

Electric Service is a luxury in everything but cost.

Is your house wired?

Public Service Company
of Northern Illinois

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Aug. 24.—The Committee declared butter, nt 30.

Gasoline and kerosene stoves at Hunt's.

Walter Christofferson spent Monday in Chicago.

Mrs. Sam Rios spent Tuesday in Grayslake.

Just received a new supply of buggies. Frank Hunt.

Percy Hawkins and Arthur Rosenfelt spent Monday in Chicago.

Mrs. Fannie Millett of Lake Mills, Wis., is visiting relatives here.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sullivan on Monday of this week a daughter.

"Safety First" Electric Lanterns at Hunt's.

Mrs. Gehrke returned Monday after a weeks visit with relatives in Whiting, Ind.

Mrs. Wm. Harrower entertained her father and mother of Lake Bluff over Sunday.

Mrs. John Mansnerus, and daughter of Chicago spent last week with Mrs. Harrower.

When it comes to binding twine Deering Standards leads, others follow. Ask Hunt about it.

Leland Watson and Jeanette Wallace spent Saturday and Sunday at the John Welch home at Libertyville.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Barber spent Saturday and Sunday with their son, Dr. Barber at Crystal Lake.

We have purchasers for farm land in this vicinity. If you have any to sell call at this office and let us know about it.

Points and oils of all kind at Hunt's.

Lost—A monogram and Masonic emblem watch and 33 degree charm. Owners name inside of case. Return to Postmaster, Antioch, Ill. 2nd

Anyone having farm land for sale is requested to call at this office and list the same with us, as we frequently come in touch with persons wishing to purchase.

Mass every Sunday at Fox Lake school house at 10 a. m., at Ingleside at 9 a. m., at Long Lake pavilion at 8 a. m., at Lake Villa at 9 a. m. and at Antioch at 10:30 a. m. Rev. Luther Smith, pastor.

Cases and trunks, at Webb's adv.

Ladies Aid society will give an bakery sale in the Wilton building Saturday afternoon August 29. All members are requested to donate something in home cooking. The society lacks about \$40 to clear up the debt of the improvement in the basement of the church and they are anxious to get this debt paid. All interested are requested to furnish whatever they feel they can in the baking line. Several donations were received last week from those outside the church, for which the society wish to return thanks. Laura James, secretary.

In a few weeks school will commence. How are your children's eyes? Are they fit for the long days of study ahead of them? Do you know that the cause of 90 per cent of poor scholarship is due to defective eyesight. If your boy's or girl's eyesight need attention have them call and see my eyesight specialist and optician on Saturday, Sept. 5, hours 3 p. m. to 8 p. m. Eyes examined free. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wm. Keulman, Jeweler and Optician, Antioch. 2w adv

Curious.

It's curious, but the one who strikes you is the one that is broke.

VOTE FOR



STEPHEN H. CUMMINS

Candidate for the nomination for Congressman at Large on the Republican ticket.

A native born son of Illinois, a lawyer by profession and a life-long republican, he earnestly solicits your vote at the coming Primaries Sept. 9th, 1914.

Rev. Stixrud is quite sick.

A few specials in rugs at Webb's adv

Fred Berg spent last week at T. M. Gratz.

Geo. Pitman and wife are enjoying a trip to Canada.

Gene Gratz of Chicago is visiting the home folks.

Get your beds, mattresses and springs from Ted Lenore.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Huber spent Sunday in Chicago.

Pearl Harrower visited relatives in Waukegan over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Teckert of Chicago are visiting relatives here.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Girard on Thursday of last week a daughter.

For Sale—English Alrdale puppies. Inquire of Theo. Brompton, Lake Villa.

Mrs. Percy Hawkins and children spent Sunday with relatives at Lake Villa.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kuhaupt entertained relatives from Milwaukee Sunday.

I sell every thing to furnish a house from the carpet to the piano. Ted Lenore.

Alfalfa and Timothy seeds, at Webb's

Robert S. Grice and wife of Waukegan were guests of Mrs. Delia Sherwood over Sunday.

Sew machine supplies for any machine. Machines cleaned and repaired. J. C. James. 4m-adv

Mrs. Frank Palmer and daughter, May are spending this week with relatives in Chicago.

Lewis' Fly-Killer for stock, at Hunt's adv.

To Rent—Three room flat, with large pantry and closet, electric lights and water. Inquire of Geo. Huber.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gehrke and two children of Whiting, Ind., are visiting at the home of their sister, Mrs. Percy Hawkins.

Miss Dolly Worman, who has spent the past month with her sister, Mrs. Resedfelt returned to her home in Marseilles, the first of the week.

Buy your furniture and stoves from Ted Lenore.

Myrtle Haynes has returned home from a three week's visit with her aunt at Superior, Wis. Mrs. John Hancock accompanied her home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McDougall of Longmont, Colo., who have been spending the past three weeks in this vicinity called on Antioch friends Monday. They left on Tuesday for their home in the west.

Let me do the tamping when you fill your silo, your painting or any other work. I have a family to provide for. Lost a \$5 bill between postoffice and factory street. Finder please return to F. Wendorf, Antioch.

Farmers attention—Something new in the line of a silo filler. The Pape Co., are putting out a machine for this purpose which will be of special advantage to all engaged in this line of work. In order to prove its merits a complete demonstration will be given on Main street in Antioch at 2:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon, Aug. 29, and again at 8:00 in the evening. Everyone interested and also those not interested are requested to come out and see the workings of this new machine. The Pape Co., W. J. Chinn, Sales Agent.

School will open Monday, Sept. 7.

James Hepburn called on friends here Tuesday.

Harvey Watson of Aren was in Antioch Tuesday.

Ten and coffee at same old prices, at Webb's.

Miss Helen Burke is spending this week in Waukegan.

Dick Baker of Evanston is visiting friends here this week.

Miss Maude Brogan of Kenosha visited relatives here Sunday.

H. B. Eger of Libertyville spent some time Monday in Antioch.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cropper of Chicago are visiting the home folks.

Andrew Peterson of Chicago was calling on friends here last week.

Ed Shortleiff was drumming up votes for himself in this vicinity Monday.

Columbia Phonographs, Gramophones and Records at Lenore's Music Store.

Phonographs and Pianos sold on easy monthly payments at Lenore's Music Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Sabin of Washington D. C., are visiting relatives at this place.

R. B. Webb of Crystal Falls, Mich., spent the fore part of the week with relatives here.

Meet your friends at the Crystal theater Saturday evening, it will be worth while.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Harrison of Genoa Junction were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kettlehut Sunday.

Dr. Stixrud, wife and children from North Dakota, are expected here via auto the latter part of this week.

Wanted—A maid for general house work, at the lake. Apply to Mrs. Wm. Hillebrand at Hillebrand's store, Antioch.

George Gollwitzer will occupy his new building recently purchased of A. M. Christensen on the west side of Main street, September 1.

Miss Effie Kelly was the winner in the popularity contest conducted by the Hudson Co. last week, and as the result is now the possessor of the diamond ring.

New line of fall work shoes, at Webb's.

Mr. Adams, who has accepted the position of Principal of the Antioch school has rented the Andrew Straghn house on Main street and has already taken possession.

Harold Huber received quite a severe injury while riding a bicycle Sunday, when he collided with another bicycle rider, and was thrown to the ground. His arm was cut and he was considerably bruised.

I sell baby carriages, collapsible go carts, velocipedes, hand cars and all kinds of toy vehicles for children cheaper than you can buy them in Chicago. All goods guaranteed. Ted Lenore.

Dr. Barber, Optician and Optometrist is in Antioch every two weeks at the residence of H. J. Barber. His next date is Thursday, Sept. 3. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. All work guaranteed.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary will hold its monthly meeting at the M. E. church, Friday evening, Aug. 28. All members are requested to be present, others cordially invited. Adeline Clark, Recording Secretary.

Buy your coal where you can get it the cheapest I sell

HARD COAL AT

\$6.25 TO \$8.00

SOFT COAL. MINE RUN

\$3.75

SCREENED EGG AND LUMP

\$4.25 TO \$4.50

POCHAHOUTAS

\$4.50 TO \$5.50

Will deliver anywhere within 15 miles of Antioch

TED LENORE

PHONE 393.

ANTIOCH, ILL.

The Way of a Lover.
When a man finds a woman for whom he thinks there's nothing good enough he asks her to take him.

COUNTY JUDGE

PERRY L. PERSON
An Efficient Public
Servant
Why Change?

Jos. E. Anderson

Lake Forest, Lake Co. Candidate for

State Representative

to the 8th Senatorial District

Subject to the Decision of the Republican Primaries, Sept. 9th 1914

YOUR SUPPORT RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

Advertisement.



Henry B. Eger

CANDIDATE FOR

State Representative

of the 8th Senatorial District

Subject to the Decision of the
Republican Primaries
September 9, 1914

Your Support Respectfully Solicited.

One good term deserves another



Advertisement

Thos. E. Graham

Democratic Candidate for Re-election to

LEGISLATURE

Eighth Senatorial District

Subject to the Decision of the Primaries September 9th 1914

Your Support Will be Appreciated

Causes of Evolution.
In looking for the "causes of evolution," one is looking for nothing less than the answer that the wisest minds of all the ages have sought for in vain. Evolution seems to be the program, but what makes it the program is what no man can answer. The question, "What are the causes of evolution?" is simply another way of putting the ancient question: "What is God?"—Exchange.

\$25.00 REWARD

for the recovery, or information leading to recovery, of this black and white female Beagle Hound, lost June 8th, in the region of Grays Lake, Lake Co., Ill. She was due to have puppies June 23rd.

Notify Dr. W. S. BELLWS
Waukegan, Ill.J. L. REDDING, D. V. M.
VETERINARY SURGEON

Graduate Chicago Veterinary College

Office
EDWARDS HOTEL—RUSSELL, ILL.

Phone 3068

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J. C. James, Jr., Antioch, Ill.

BANK OF ANTIOCH

EDWARD BROOK
BANKER

Buy and Sell Exchange and do a General Banking Business

J. C. JAMES, JR.
UNDERTAKER

LICENSED EMBALMER

Licensed by the State Board of Health

Lotus Camp No. 557 N. W. A.

Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting neighbors always welcome.

ED. GARRETT, V. C.
J. C. James, Clerk

T. N. DONNELLY & CO.

Loan and Diamond Brokers

Number 21 North Dearborn St.

Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of Jewels at less than cost. At half the price, you get regular stores.

Dec 1901

SEQUOIT LODGE No. 827, A. F. & A. M., hold regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome.

FRANK HUBER, Sec. ELMER BROOK, W. M.

The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

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POPE PIUS X DIES OF PNEUMONIA; ILL FOUR DAYS

Rallied After Relapse and Crisis
Was Thought Passed.

WAS UNCONSCIOUS AT END

Relatives and Officers of Church at
Bedside—Last Sacrament Ad-
ministered When End Was
Thought Near.

Rome, Aug. 20.—Pope Pius X died at 1:20 o'clock this morning.

Already suffering from bronchitis and a weak heart, the worry occasioned by the war involving all Europe brought on bronchial pneumonia, and the aged pontiff is a war victim as truly as if he had been struck down on the field of battle. He was ill four days.

His holiness had lain unconscious most of the afternoon, but rallied to the evening, became conscious for a time, and gave the physicians hope that he might recover. But his strength was gone, he soon relapsed into coma and gradually grew weaker until the end. He died while sleeping peacefully.

Death Followed Relapse.

In the afternoon he suffered a relapse, and he received the last sacrament. His sisters lighted the candles before the miraculous images of St. Joseph and remained prostrate, praying for his recovery.

The ringing of the church bells notified the people of the exposition of the holy sacrament and called them to prayer.

Cardinal Merry del Val, who was called in, left after a few minutes and issued a summons for the cardinals who had left the city for their vacations.

Before the fatal turn for the worse the pope addressed the whole world on the subject of the war. When he was told that the roar of cannon in the Adriatic could be heard in Venice he exclaimed:

"The bones of the doges must thrill in their sepulchra at the familiar sound of battle, recalling the heroic days of old."

Death Comparatively Sudden.

Death came to the aged pontiff after a battle of a few days, with the leading men of science on one side and the grim reaper on the other.

The streets of Rome, usually gay and filled with clamoring throngs, are quiet. The noise of the market places is hushed. Everywhere eyes are turned respectfully toward the golden dome of St. Peter's, which appeared to have lost its glitter in the dark pall of grief that hangs over the eternal city.

Hundreds of visitors crowded the wide streets leading to the massive gates of the Vatican, where the papal guard stood on silent watch. With bared heads and eyes glistening with tears, the throng gazed at the place where lay the "pious pope," as he was affectionately called by his Italian countrymen.

Pius X. Was Born June 2, 1835.

Pope Pius X. was a native of the little village of Riese, in the Venetian province of Treviso, which in 1303, gave to the church a pontiff in Nicola Bocconacci, who assumed the triple crown under the name of Benedict XI.

Born June 2, 1835, to a poor and humble family of the name of Sarto, Pius X. was christened Giuseppe (Joseph) and known throughout life by the dialect equivalent of Giuseppe, "Beppo."

The early life of Pope Pius was filled with activity. The district of Treviso is one of poverty, only those who have seen it realizing the struggle for existence that ever prevails.

From an early age Giuseppe, bred to sturdy outdoor life, displayed a bent for the priesthood. The educational resources of his birthplace were soon exhausted, and the lad's studious leanings demanded a wider field for their development. He was sent to a college at Castel, France, and from there was transferred to the Central Seminary at Padua, the world-renowned seat of Italian learning.

On September 18, 1858, the young seminary received his priest's orders in the Cathedral of Castel-France. That year was a memorable one for Italy. The question of Italian liberation had been forced to the front by the attempt of Orsini to assassinate Napoleon III.

The diplomats of nations assembled, but the youngest priest was not concerned in the movement. He turned his back on the world and took up his duties as curate in the village of Tombello. He soon was loved by his parishioners, to whom he endeared himself by his unselfishness, his self-sacrifice, and his tireless labor.

Became Parish Priest in 1867.

He was promoted as parish priest of Salzano in 1867, only a year after the cession of Venezia (Venice) to Italy, so that the future pope lived, for the first thirty-two years of his life, under Austrian regime in his native province.

The able discharge of his office recommended this pastor of Salzano to the notice of Monsignor Zinelli, at that time the bishop of the diocese, who nominated him to a canonry in

the Cathedral of Treviso. This promotion was supplemented by bestowal of the demerit on Father Sarto and his appointment as Episcopal chancellor. To him also was confided the delicate and important charge of spiritual director of the Seminary of Treviso, in which college he was likewise given a professor's chair and an examination.

Nor did his activities end here, for he was chosen as a judge in the Capitular Ecclesiastical court, and finally was appointed vicar-general of the diocese.

After such an apprenticeship it was not surprising that when the important see of Mantua became vacant, in 1884, Leo XIII. chose Giuseppe Sarto to fill the place. It was no easy task to which he had been called, for his predecessor had allowed discipline to slack. His persuasive powers and administrative gifts were tested to the utmost, but he was fully equal to the ungrateful task.

Severe in personal taste, Signor Sarto showed himself zealous in maintaining the gorgeous ritual traditions of his church, and in 1886 the nine hundredth solemn centenary of St. Anselm was celebrated under his auspices, while in 1891 he presided at a like function in commemoration of St. Louis Gonzaga.

Two years later Pope Leo recognized Bishop Sarto's merits by raising him to the Sacred College, with the title of San Bernardo alle Terme, at a consistory held June 15, 1893.

At the same time he was chosen out of all the Venetian prelates to fill the patriarchate of Venice.

Won Support of the Radicals.

In his nine years' residence in the "seagirt" city the pope of the gondoliers was beloved and a familiar figure.

to Austria, Germany and France, and in these countries, with the exception of France in recent years, he was highly commended for wisdom and strength.

Brought Church and State Together. As to Italy, he increased the cordial understanding between church and state, which was not thought wise by Italian churchmen. However, his action resulted in an uplifting of the church in Italy.

The dioceses had been in a most deplorable condition because of the long conflict between church and state.

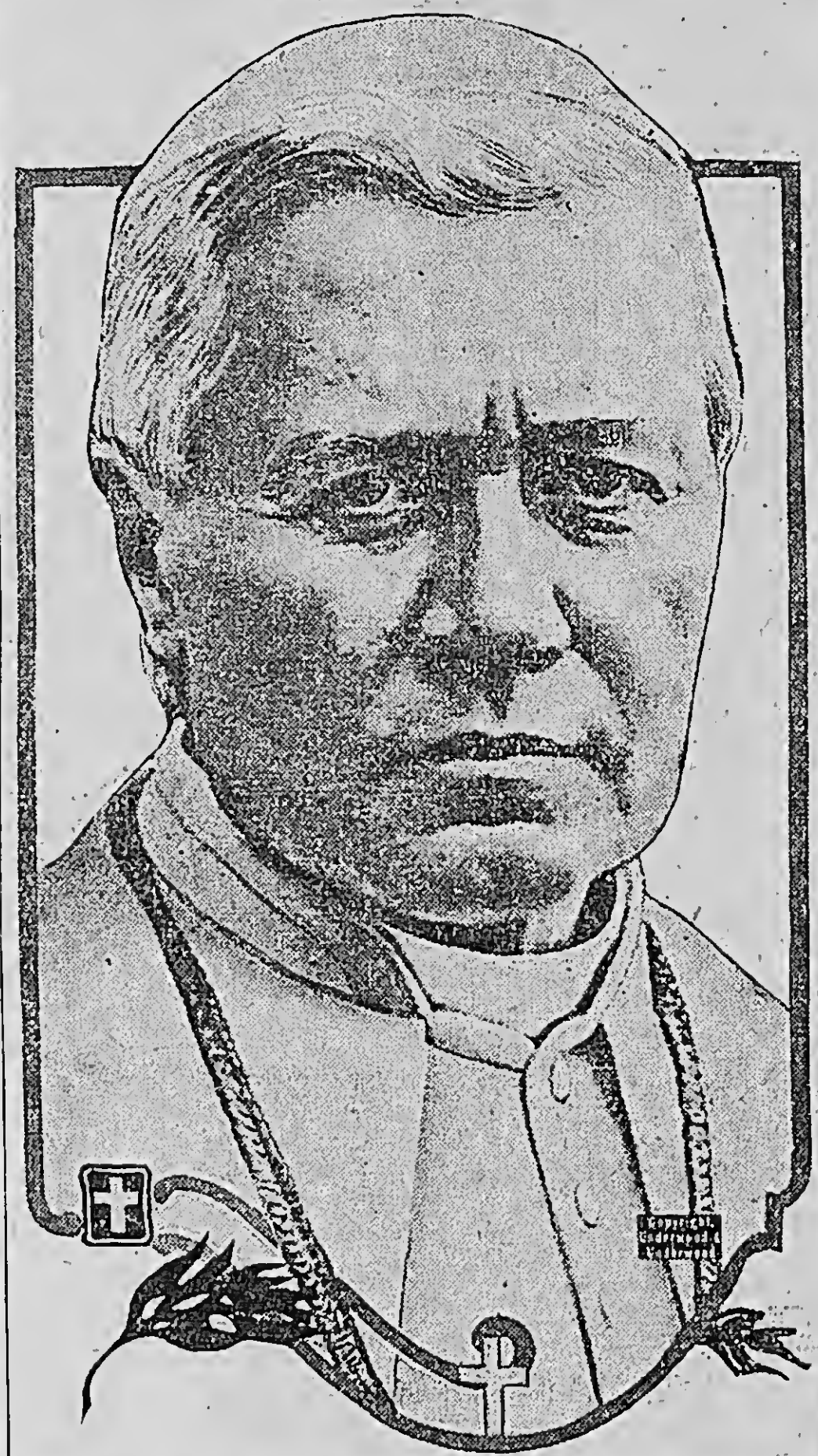
There was evidence of miserable conditions existing in the Italian emigrants. They have little or no instruction in their religion and paid no attention to it in this country, on the supposition that the Catholic religion did not exist here.

The pope pursued this matter to the proper outcome. He filled up vacant sees, stirred up comfortable bishops, and ordered the teaching of catechism all over the world. He aimed chiefly at Italy. In a word, he deserted diplomacy for the instruction and organization of the people. He gave up governments to look after the lost sheep of the household.

Disappointed diplomats, then, waited about his timidity. But the waiting had no effect on the noble-hearted, simple man who was the head of the church.

When the trouble between the church and state broke out in France and the concordat was dropped, the world looked to the pope, speculating what course he would take. What he did seemed to be the only right thing according to the American idea. He ignored the nation.

POPE PIUS X



His firm, dignified, yet genial rule, quickly made him a force to be reckoned with.

Elected as Compromise Candidate.

Pius X. was, as befitted a democratic pope, different in many respects from his illustrious predecessor. Like the fisherman whose place he held, he found his recreation fishing in the Venetian ponds rather than in writing Latin verses. To his saintliness of character and moral worth, independently of all lesser and worldly consideration, memory doubtless will pay homage.

When balloting began to choose a successor to Pope Leo XIII., the name of Giuseppe Sarto was hardly considered at first. As balloting continued, however, the roll of votes in his favor increased. He was then regarded as a compromise candidate, and, finally, on the sixteenth ballot he was elected August 4, 1903, and five days later he was crowned in St. Peter's cathedral, Rome, with all the magnificence and brilliance of ceremonies that distinguish the coronation of each successor to the apostolic throne.

From the post of spiritual head of gondoliers and peasants, a work that he loved, to the throne in the Vatican was the career of Giuseppe Sarto, Pope Pius X.

And he never had been ambitious to be the head of the Catholic church and the successor of St. Peter. He loved the simple life among his friends.

There was a great difference of opinion as to the qualifications of Pope Pius X. for his office. His election, a compromise, was particularly pleasing

Before Pope Pius had been on the throne three years he evidenced that young men who dreamed of the career of a courtier in Rome were going to be disappointed. The pope wanted bishops for the different sees, and the way for young diplomats to promotion. It was soon apparent, was through the tireless but wholesome office of governing bishop.

One great reform Pope Pius accomplished, and it promises to be over remembered in history. He proved that diplomacy in church matters is a thing of little importance compared with the direct teaching and preaching of the gospel to the poor.

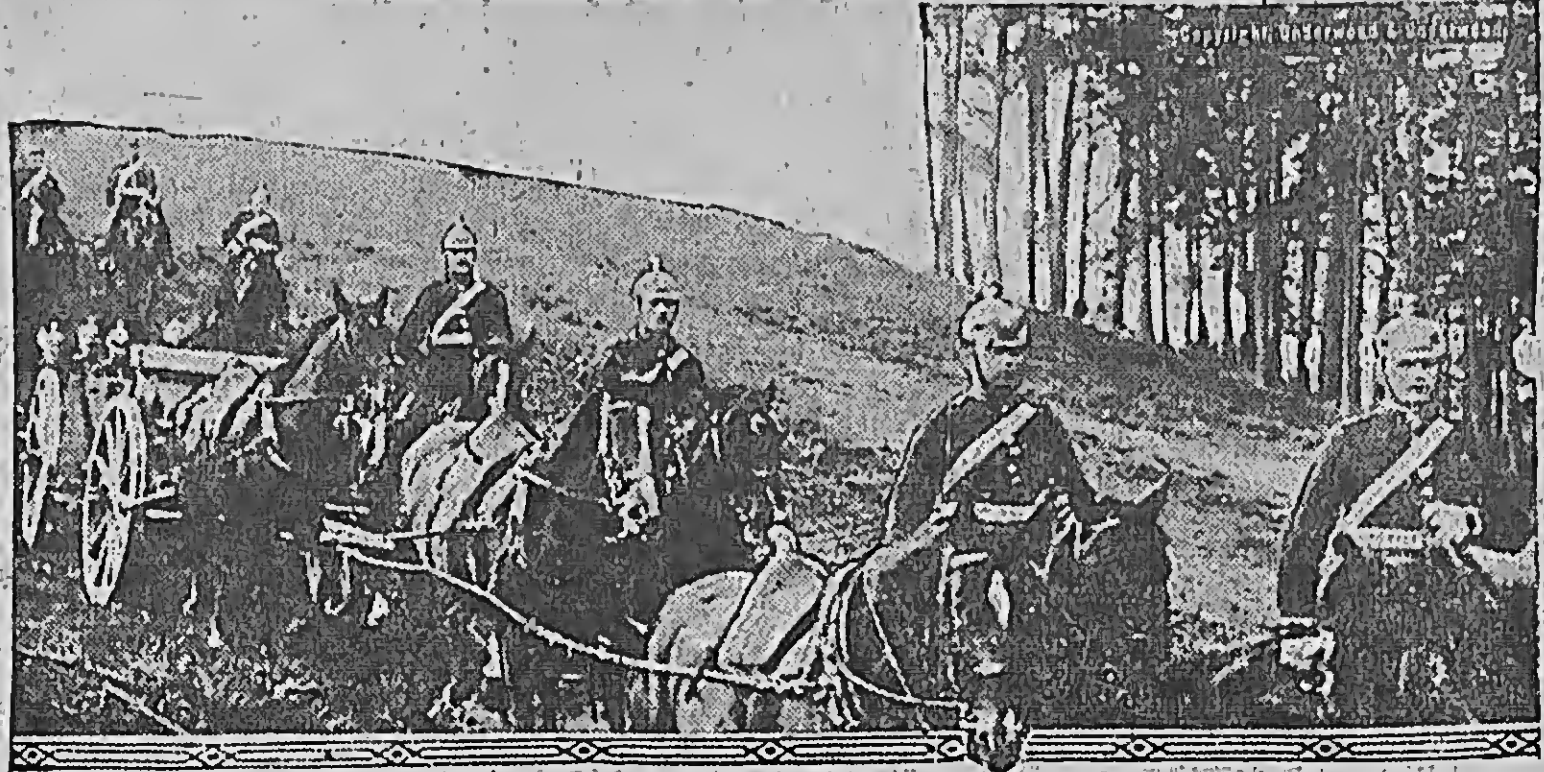
Opposed to Woman's Suffrage.

An instance of his well-known uncompromising attitude against advanced tendencies was afforded in his opposition to woman's suffrage as voiced by the pope upon the occasion of his reception of a delegation of Italian Catholic ladies.

"Woman can never be man's equal," he told his fair visitors, "and cannot, therefore, enjoy equal rights. Few women would ever desire to legislate, and those who did would be classed as eccentrics. Scripture, and especially the three Epistles of St. Paul, emphasize woman's dependence on man."

By virtue of one of his documents, known as the "Sapient Conallio," the congregations composing the Roman Curia of the Catholic church have been reformed and the American hierarchy has been accorded a recognized voice in the government of the church.

FIELD ARTILLERY OF THE GERMAN ARMY



GERMAN VICTORY PLACES NAMUR IN THEIR HANDS

Official Announcement at Paris
Tells of Defeat of the
Allies.

KAISER'S TROOPS IN FRANCE

Result of Three Days' Fighting Is Important. Though French Assert They Are Still Confident of Ultimate Success—Russians Said to Be Advancing Into Germany in Force—Japanese Begin Attack on Kiauchau.

A London cable to the New York Herald says that the British official press bureau announces that Namur has fallen.

Paris Announces Reverse.

The allied armies along the line from Mons to the Moselle have suffered a severe reverse, according to an official statement from Paris.

This statement says the English and French, after fighting both east and west of the river Meuse in Belgium, fell back to the "covering positions."

The location of the new position of the allies is not specifically mentioned. It is thought, however, that they have taken their stand on the first line of fortress defenses across the border in France.

The statement admits that the theater of action for the next few days will be in French territory.

Allies Loss Is Great.

The statement adds that the casualties suffered by the allies was great. It gives no figures, but asserts that the German losses were even greater than the combined French and English.

The officials declare that the assumption of the defensive is temporary. It is claimed that "at the right moment, to be decided upon by the commander-in-chief, the French army will resume a vigorous offensive."

Heroic work by the French is told. It says one brigade in the front line, carried away by their eagerness, were received by a murderous fire. They did not give an inch, but, counter attacked by the Prussian guard, they were obliged to retire, only after inflicting enormous losses.

Other French Reverses.

Other reverses to the French army were described.

A dispatch from Paris said it was officially announced that Luneville, Amance and Dieulouard, in the department of Meurthe-et-Moselle, had been occupied by the Germans.

From Berlin there comes a message saying official announcement was made there that the German army, commanded by Grand Duke Albrecht of Wurttemberg, had defeated the French army at Neufchateau.

It captured many guns, flags and prisoners, including several generals. German armies under Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm and Grand Duke Albrecht are vigorously pursuing the French.

Capture Guns at Luneville.

This message says the army under Prince Rupprecht captured 150 guns at Luneville, Amance and Clery. The army commanded by the crown prince pursued the French beyond Longwy. The Germans are west of the River Meuse and advancing against Maubeuge. They have defeated an English brigade of cavalry.

"The army of the German crown prince won a decisive victory north-west of Diedenhofen, near Metz, over five French army corps," the German message continues. "The retreat of the southern French wing on Verdun has been cut off."

"The French troops were repulsed toward the River Meuse. It was a complete rout. The crown prince's army, giving chase, took many prisoners, and it is declared the French troops no longer are able to face the terrible fire of the German troops."

French Losing in Alsace.

Misfortune seems to have overtaken the French army in Alsace. The war office at Paris issued a bulletin admitting that a general battle is raging along the entire front of the Vosges

range. The official statement concludes:

"The general situation has determined us to bring back our troops."

This latter announcement is construed as meaning that the French are retreating from upper Alsace in order to prevent being cut off by the enormous German army which has moved from Metz and taken Luneville. The retreat probably will reach to Belfort, the French border stronghold.

Many Guns Are Taken.

Official announcement was made at Berlin that the German army, commanded by Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm, Prince Rupert of Bavaria, and Grand Duke Albrecht of Wurttemberg, has defeated a French army at Neufchateau.

It captured many guns, flags and prisoners, including several generals. The armies are vigorously pursuing the French.

The army under Rupprecht captured 130 guns at Luneville, Amance, and Clery in the French department of Meurthe and Moselle.

The army commanded by the crown prince pursued the French beyond Longwy.

Paris Welcomes Russian Advance.

Russia's speedy concerted attack has delighted French military chiefs. They say that if they can hold the Germans near the present positions for another week the worst will be over, as the Kaiser must withdraw part of his forces to save his harried army in eastern Prussia. The land-strum will not do for this work, it is said, and it will need the most efficient of the Germans to hold even momentarily the immense Russian army that is now in the field.

The incursion of large bodies of Russian troops into the German provinces of east and west Prussia, and their capture of the important positions of Gumbinnen and Insterburg, bring them in front of a series of more or less strongly fortified German cities.

Japanese Begin Warfare.

The bombardment of Tsing Tao, the fortified seaport of Kiauchau the German possession in China which Japan has demanded, Germany gave up, has begun.

The battleship Settsu fired the first shot.

In addition to the Japanese war vessels, British, French, and Russian ships are taking part in the blockade of the port.

The bombardment of the port is confirmed in an extra edition of the Tokyo Yomio. The message published was passed by the censor of the navy department.

No details of damage done to the German fort are obtainable.

Austria has avoided war with Japan by agreeing to dismantle the cruiser Kaiserin Elizabeth, now at Tsing Tao.

Japan Satisfies Washington.

"Japan has officially notified the United States that she will continue her efforts in the war situation in the far East," said Secretary of State Bryan.

Mr. Bryan's statement served to clear up a wrong impression caused by a previous remark made by the president to the effect that such a pledge had not been made as far as he knew. It was explained later that the president's remark was merely a "slip of the mind."

Mikado Declares War.

The emperor of Japan on Sunday declared war on Germany.

This action was taken at the expiration of the time limit of Japan's ultimatum to Germany demanding the surrender of Kiauchau.

The Japanese government immediately ordered the beginning of operations on land and sea, handed to the German ambassador his passport, and notified the powers that a state of war existed between Japan and Germany.

The imperial rescript officially inaugurates hostilities in the far East. The publication in Koksal of a Reuter dispatch from London announced that the German emperor had ordered that the Japanese effort to take Kiauchau be resisted, created only a mild sensation, because it was discounted by the noon gun in Tokyo which announced war.

War Declaration Thrills Country. The war proclamation of the emperor sent a thrill through the country.

Japan's entrance upon the fulfillment of its obligations to its ally, Great Britain, responds to the popular will from one end of the land to the other.

An imperial ordinance gives German merchantmen until September 5

to discharge their cargoes and sail away safely under the protection of passport.

Big Battles Raging. Messages received at London which have escaped the rigid censorship indicate that the allies and German troops are in battle on a front stretching south and southeast from near Ghent to the borders of the grand duchy of Luxembourg.

An official dispatch, given out by the ministry of war in Paris, read: "A great battle is now in progress along a vast line extending from Mons to the frontier of Luxembourg. Our troops, in conjunction with the British, have assumed everywhere the offensive. We are faced by almost the whole German army, both active and reserve."

"The ground, especially on our right, is thickly wooded and difficult. The battle is likely to last several days."

Russians Continue Advance.

The London correspondent of Reuter's Telegram company at St. Petersburg sends the following official announcement made public in the Russian capital:

"The fights of the last few days have resulted in a wholesale retreat of the Germans, giving the Russians control of that part of eastern Prussia beyond the Vistula river."

Other official reports seem to show that the Russian advance through eastern Prussia to Konigsberg is proceeding with uninterrupted successes. The losses on both sides have been heavy.

How Germans Advance.

The Amsterdam correspondent of Reuter's sends to London the following account of the advance of the German army across central Belgium during the week. The account as sent by the correspondent was taken from an Antwerp newspaper. It follows:

"Tuesday morning the great advance movement began along a line extending in a broad V from Diest to Tirlemont and St. Trond. The Belgians retired from St. Trond, as the Germans outnumbered the Belgian advance guard."

"The first Belgian battle line extended along a line of about twenty-five miles and included Diest, Haelen, Geelbeek, Neerlinter and Tirlemont."

"Tirlemont was guarded by cavalry detachments only, while on the other end of the line the burden of defense at Diest was taken by bicycle sharpshooters."

"The battle started at daybreak Tuesday near Geelbeek, where the Belgians gained the first blood by bringing down a German aeroplane, which was scouting above the Belgian position."

"At six o'clock the Germans opened their attack with large forces of cavalry, supported by infantry and artillery with machine guns. Within a few minutes a fierce battle was raging along the six-mile front."

"In the north the German right wing attacked Haelen and Loxbeek. In the south it attacked Budingen."

"The main attack was timed to break through the Belgian line at Geelbeek, where the dismounted Belgian cavalry poured in a terrific fire, annihilating the German advance columns."

"Thereupon the German cavalry executed a daring flank movement around the Belgian positions, necessitating the slow retreat of the Belgians on Budingen, where Count Dursel was killed."

"The most remarkable attack was made outside Budingen by two Belgian squadrons of 240 men, who opposed for a long time 2,000 Germans."

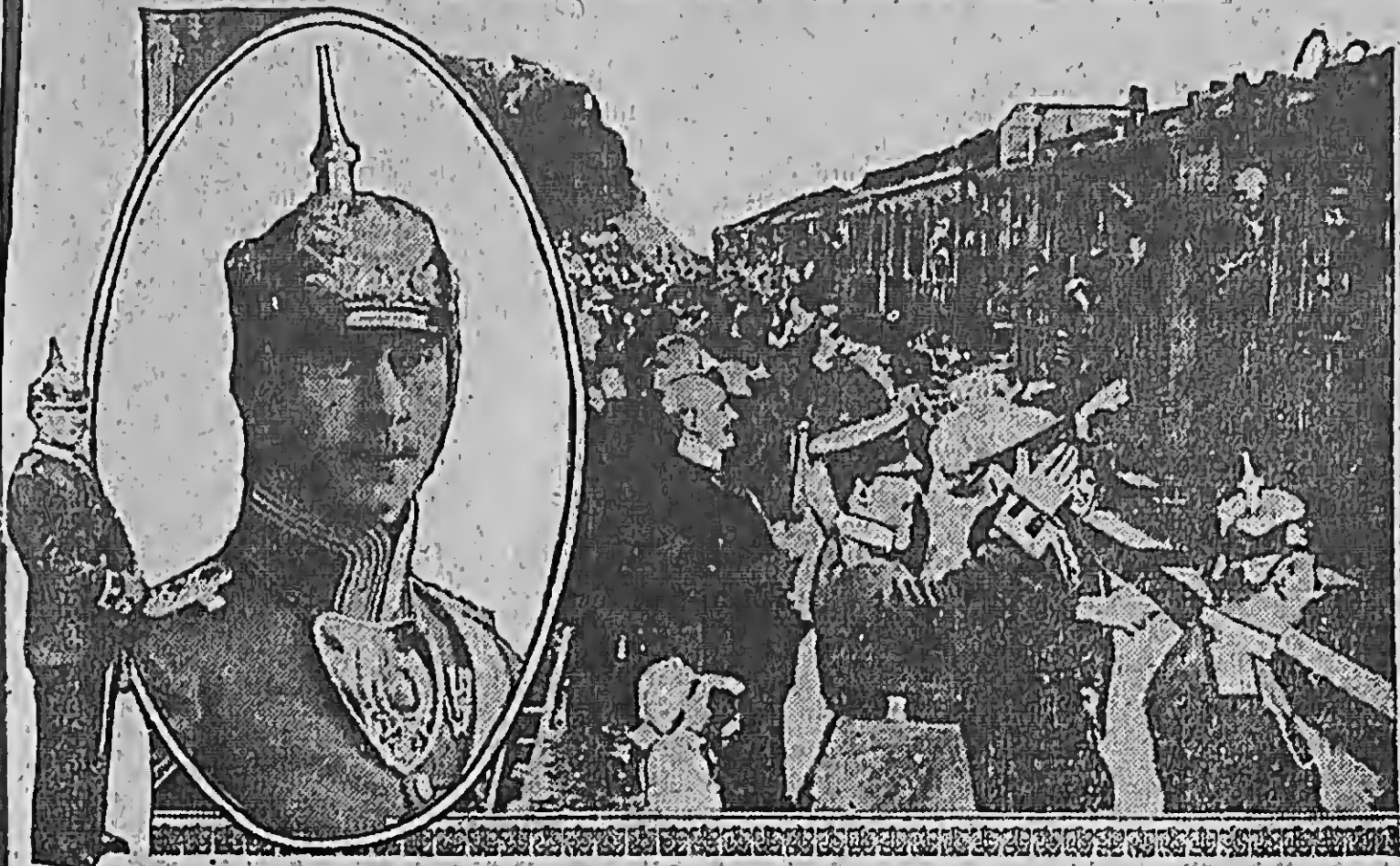
"On the extreme north the Germans stormed Diest, bombarding the town furiously and destroying a large part of the city."

"Late Tuesday the Belgian headquarters, having learned the enemy's strength from aviators, decided further resistance along this advanced line would be foolish and ordered a gradual retirement."

"Wednesday a tremendous battle along the whole line continued. The hottest fighting was at Aerschot, 23 miles northeast of Brussels, where the carnage on both sides was awful. The advance guard of two Belgian regiments made an heroic stand, but was forced to retreat at seven o'clock in the evening."

"At 11 o'clock the Germans reached Louvain in motor cars armed with machine guns. The Belgians continued to fall back in good order, administering severe punishment to the enemy all the way. Their retreat took them through Malines and thence to Antwerp."

GERMAN RESERVISTS ON WAY TO JOIN THE COLORS



Trainload of German reservists on the frontier on their way to the front. Inset is the crown prince of Germany, who several times has been reported wounded.

FRENCH FORAGERS BRINGING IN STEERS



GERMAN SPY SIGNS IN FRANCE



German spy signs in many French towns, the placards ostensibly advertising soup preparation, but actually telling, by their color and form, the conditions which an invading army would encounter at each place. French troops here seen passing a building on which is one of these posters.

ARRESTING A SPY IN LONDON



London police seize a German spy in front of Premier Asquith's house in London.

HANGED IN EFFIGY



The premier of Serbia hanged in effigy to a lamppost in Budapest.

GOOD-BY TO WIFE AND BABY



FIRST STORY OF TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF GERMANS INTO BRUSSELS

[By Cable to the Chicago Tribune.] Brussels.—The Germans entered Brussels Thursday without firing a shot.

Yielding to the dictates of reason and humanity, the civil government at the last moment disbanded the civil guard, which the Germans would not recognize. The soldiers and ordinary police were then intrusted with the maintenance of order.

After a day of wild panic and slaughterless nights the citizens remained at their windows. Few sought their couches.

Cry "Here They Come."

The morning broke brilliantly. The city was astir early and on all lips were the words: "They are here," or "They are coming."

The "they" referred to were already outside the boundaries of the city in great force. The artillery was packed off on the road to Waterloo. Horse, foot, and sapper were packed deep on the Louvain and Tervueren roads.

An enterprising motorist came in with the information and the crowds in the busy centers immediately became calm.

Burgomaster Gives Up.

At eleven o'clock it was reported that an officer with a half a troop of hussars bearing white flags had halted outside the Louvain gate.

The burgomaster claimed for the citizens their rights under the laws of war regulating an unfortified capital. When roughly asked if he was prepared to surrender the city, with the threat that otherwise it would be bombarded, the burgomaster said he would do so. He also decided to remove his seat of office.

The discussion was brief. When the burgomaster handed over his scarf it was handed back to him and he was thus entrusted for the time being with the civil control of the citizens. The Germans gave him plainly to understand that he would be held responsible for any overt act on the part of the populace against the Germans.

Triumphant March Begins.

From noon until two o'clock the crowds waited expectantly. Shortly after two o'clock the booming of cannon and later the sound of military music conveyed to the people of Brussels the intimation that the triumphant march of the enemy on the ancient city had begun.

On they came, preceded by a scouting party of uhlans, horse, foot, and artillery and sappers, with a sledge train complete.

A special feature of the procession was 100 motor cars on which quick firers were mounted. Every regiment and battery was headed by a band, horse or foot. Now came the drums and fifes; now the blare of brass and soldiers singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland über Alles."

Death Head Hussars There.

Along Chaussee de Louvain, past St. Josse and the botanical gardens, to the open space in front of the Gare du Nord, the usual lounging place of the tired wanderers of the city, swept the legions.

Among the cavalry were the famous Brunswick Death's Head Hussars and their companions on many bloody fields, the Zouave hussars. But where was the glorious garb of the German troops, the cherry-colored uniforms of the horsemen, and the blue of the infantry? All is greenish, earth color gray. All the helmets are covered with gray. The guns are painted gray. Even the pontoon bridges are gray.

"To the quickstep beat of the drums the Kaiser's men march to the Great square, Charles Rogier. Then at the whistling sound of the word of command—for the sonorous orders of the German officers seemed to have gone the way of the brilliant uniforms—the gray-clad ranks broke into the famous goose step, while the good people of Liege and Brussels gazed at the passing wonder with mouths agape.

Crowds Want Revenge.

At the railroad station the great procession spilled to the boulevards and thence marched to encamp on the heights of the city called Koensberg. It was truly a sight to have gladdened the eyes of the Kaiser, but on the sidewalks men were muttering beneath their breath:

"They'll not pass here on their way back. The allies will do for them." Many of the younger men in the great army seemed exhausted after the long forced march, but as a man staggered his comrades in the ranks held him up.

It was a great spectacle and an impressive one, but there are minor incidents that were of a less pleasant character.

Officers in Shackles.

Two Belgian officers, manacled and fastened to the leather stirrups of two uhlans, made a spectacle that caused a low murmur of resentment from the citizens. Instantly German horsemen backed their steeds into the closely packed ranks of the spectators, threatening them with uplifted swords and stalling the momentary revolt.

At one point of the march a lame hawk offered flowers for sale to the soldiers. As he held up his posies a captain of hussars, by a movement of his steed, sent the poor wretch sprawling and bleeding in the dust. Then from the crowd a French woman, her heart scorning fear, cried out: "You brute," so that all might hear.

Bear in Belgian Uniform.

There was one gross pleasantry, too, perpetrated by a gunner, who led

along a bear, evidently he pet of his battery, which was dressed in the full regalia of Belgian general. The bear was evidently intended to represent the king. He touched his cocked hat at intervals to his keeper.

This particularly irritated the Belgians, but they wisely abstained from any overt manifestation of any unpleasant feature of behavior.

The soldiers as they passed tore repeatedly at the national colors, which every Belgian lady now wears on her breast.

Refuse Gold in Payment.

A more pleasant incident was when a party of Uhlans clamored for admittance at a villa on the Louvain road. They disposed of a dozen bottles of wine and bread and meat. The non-commissioned officer in command asked what the charge was and offered some gold pieces in payment. The money was refused.

Near the steps of St. Gudule a party of officers of high rank seated in a motor car, confiscated the stock of the news vendors. After greedily scanning the sheets they burst into loud laughter.

March Forward for Hours.

Hour after hour, hour after hour, the Kaiser's legions marched into Brussels' streets and boulevards. Some regiments made a fine appearance. It was notably so in the case of the Sixty-sixth, Fourth and Twenty-sixth. Not one man of those regiments showed any sign of excessive fatigue after the grueling night of marching, and no doubt the order to break step was designedly given to impress the onlookers with the powers of resistance of the German soldiers.

The railway stations, the post office, and the town hall were at once closed. The national flag on the latter was pulled down and the German emblem hoisted in its place. Practically all the shops were closed and the blinds drawn on most of the windows.

What It Costs to Kill One Man in Modern Warfare

The cost of killing a man is obtained by dividing the total cost of a war to any of the belligerents by the number of men killed on the other side.

In 1870-1871 France spent \$400,000,000 in the actual expenses of the war. Repairing materials and giving succor to the victims of the war, expenses that are justly to be added, cost another \$200,000,000. France paid \$1,000,000,000 as war indemnity, plus another \$400,000,000 in interest on the sum, loss of revenue, forced contributions by the enemy and upkeep of the German army of occupation. This third category of expenses, not being inevitable in all wars, cannot properly be included.

On a similar basis here are some facts about other wars:

Russo-Turkish war (1877-1878)—Turkey, \$400,000,000.

Russo-Japanese war (1905)—Russia, \$1,200,000,000.

The number of men killed or who died of wounds in these wars were:

France-Prussian war—Germans, 28,600.

Russo-Turkish war—Russians, 16,600.

Russo-Japanese war—Japanese, 58,000.

Whence it results that the cost of killing each man was as follows:

In 1870-1871, \$21,000.

In 1877-1878, \$15,000.

In 1905, \$20,400.

What will kill the greatest number and reduce the effective force most will be not the rifle or cannon, but fatigue, typhus or cholera.

Phantom Ships.

British war vessels swarm (just out of sight) off our coast, says the Hartford Courant. German war vessels (just out of sight) are hovering about the Atlantic to capture French or British ships. Mysterious searchlights flash along the eastern horizon for the entertainment of those at the seashore. Startling, indeed—and then "nihil fit."

What does it recall to the adult mind? Don't you remember that mysterious "Spanish fleet," which spread a scare all along the coast, not by any means omitting Washington? There never was any such fleet, but that made no difference. Thoughtful residents of Boston quietly transferred their safe deposit contents to similar depositories in Worcester. Conservative New Haveners went to Hartford and put them in safe deposit there. The fleet never showed up, but the scare did, and now the ghost, the same old specter, is on the job again. Will it materialize this time?

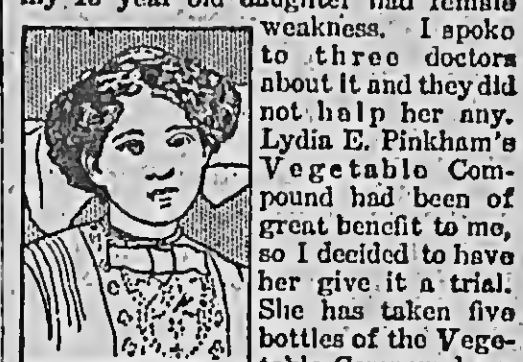
Modern Russia's Founder.

Alexander, usually styled Peter the Great, was the creator of modern Russia, the father of such civilization as Russia may be said to possess, and the founder of St. Petersburg; as well as the first czar of Muscovy to assume the title of emperor, as students know. The students also knew that the father of his country, while reforming others, neglected to reform himself, an omission not peculiar to Peter—and remained to the last a coarse and brutal savage and tyrant, addicted to the meanest vices and finding his greatest joy in torturing his enemies. Often he lopped off ten or twenty heads in succession, and was immensely proud of his horrid dexterity with the sword.

MOTHER OF SCHOOL GIRL

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.

Plover, Iowa.—"From a small child my 13 year old daughter had female weakness. I spoke to three doctors about it and they did not help her any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to me, so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vegetable Compound according to directions on the bottle and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy."—Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.



Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion. Improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Asent's Food

A Piece of Fiction.

"Is this the hookkeeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm the head of the firm. I came in to ask you if you would accept an increase in your salary."

"No, sir! I'm getting too much as it is. You could get any number of men to fill my place for half the money."

"But our profits are so great we don't know what to do with them."

"Sorry; but to encourage me in that sort of thing would only result in disaster. Besides, if I got more money my family of nine children might get enough to eat. And if the practice should spread, the whole civic fabric would be upset."

"But I really feel—"

"Go away, sir! I won't listen to you! Discharge me if you must, but raise my salary—never!"—Lido.

Uncertain.

The secretary of one of the college classes at Princeton, in sending out each year a list of questions to be answered by members of the class, in order that the results may be duly tabulated and set forth in the university annual, is said always to include in his list this question: "Are you engaged?"

It would seem that one of the members was cursed with doubt in this respect, for in the blank space given over to the query mentioned he made his return as follows:

"Do not know. Am waiting letter."

Summer Days

Call for a dainty, wholesome food—such as

Post Toasties

with cream.

There's little work, and much satisfaction in every package of these crisp bits of perfectly cooked and toasted Indian Corn.

Appetizing flavour, substantial nourishment and convenience of serving are all found in Post Toasties.

Sold by Grocers

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

School begins in less than two weeks. Henry Potter is confined to the house by illness.

Earl Potter and wife spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. Walter Atwell who has been quite sick is on the gain.

Mr. and Mrs. Rush Hussey are now nicely settled in their fine new home.

Mr. and Miss Champion of Missouri are visiting at the A. Richards home.

Mrs. George Strang of Marshfield, Wis., came down last week for a visit with her son Frank and with Millburn relatives.

Two auto parties including Messrs. Fred Hamlin, Chas. Hamlin, P. Avery, E. Wilton, C. Miller, W. Miller and Geo. Burnett attended the auto races at Elgin Saturday.

A league for the enforcement of the laws was formed here last week with the following officers: President, E. Shephardson; Vice President, E. L. Wald; Secretary and Treasurer, F. R. Sherwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Richards and three children from Shell Rock, Iowa, visited last week with the A. Richards family and other relatives. They made the trip by auto returning the last of the week accompanied by Miss Belle Richards for a short visit.

Percy Chinn of Antioch, will run a moving picture show in the Barnstable hall every Thursday evening beginning Sept. 3, and will continue the same as long as the patronage will warrant. Good pictures, good music at every show. All seats 10 cents.

Fitting Name.

"Why are those things on your dress called bugle trimmings?" George wanted to know. "Oh," Emily replied, "because pa blows so over the bill."

Foolish to Skimp on Sleep.

It takes from seven to eight hours of sleep for adults to permit the system to scour out the clogging poisons. To skimp on necessary sleep is as bad for efficiency as it would be to allow grit to accumulate in the bearings of an engine—and for the same mechanical reason.

HICKORY

Dan Webb is having a new cement site erected.

Miss Ruth Pollock spent the first of the week in Chicago.

Lou Hill and family spent Sunday at O. L. Hollenbeck's.

Andrew Petersen and family spent Saturday in Waukegan.

Miss Mary Reynolds visited the last of the week at A. T. Savage's.

Marguerite Savage visited Monday with her cousin Irene Savage.

Mrs. Earl Edwards and children returned to their home in Chicago Friday.

Thomas Petersen and wife and David Pullen attended the reunion in Waukegan Thursday.

Ruth Pullen entertained her cousins from Trevor, Wis., and Waukegan on last Friday also Irene Savage, Marie and Lulu Petersen.

RUSSELL

Mr. Oskins is moving into the Melville house.

There will be a dance given at Russell Friday evening.

Henry Gunderson and wife will soon move into Russell.

Miss Reeves is entertaining a lady friend from Aurora.

John Crawford and wife attended the Elgin races last week.

G. A. Siver and wife are entertaining cousins from Plymouth Wis.

Mrs. Peterson and children of Waukegan were visitors here last week.

Ideal Park will have a new grand stand and music for the races given on Sunday, August 30.

Siberian Squirrels.

More than four million five hundred thousand gray squirrels were killed last year in Siberia for their fur. The tails alone weighed more than twenty-one tons. The animal figuring next in the fur trade of Asiatic Russia, in point of numbers, was the white hare, which contributed 1,500,000 skins.

SILVER LAKE

Mrs. Pease spent Tuesday in Burlington.

Chas. Hasselmann was home this week.

Mrs. C. Dixon had dental work done in Antioch.

Mrs. C. Hockney was a Kenosha visitor recently.

Mrs. Bibbes and children were visitors here over Sunday.

Edith and Ada Dean spent a few days at Bert Dean's.

L. Prosser, wife and son were Brighton visitors Tuesday.

Lawrence Daniels was calling on his old friends here this week.

Miss A. Johnson was called to Bussett Saturday to care for Mrs. Burton.

Mrs. Jas. Carey, and Miss Blanche Carey were callers here Wednesday.

Several from here attended the circus in Burlington Saturday and some went to Elgin to see the auto races.

Cut Down in His Prime.

Early Brown county history says the first stake driven in laying out the county was soaked in whiskey and placed in position by Brummett, who was the first commissioner of the county. Brummett was thrown from a pony when one hundred and eleven years old, and killed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

FURNISHED BY
Lake County Title and Trust Co.

Abstracts of Title, Titles Guaranteed.
MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING
WAUKEGAN ILLINOIS
LOUIS J. GURNEY Secretary

T. W. Smith and wife to Jas. Hawthorn lots 202, 203, and 204 Shaws sub Long Lake, wd. \$ 300 00

T. W. Smith and wife to E. J. and Elizabeth Lehman lot 210, 211 Shaws sub Long Lake, wd. 210 00

T. W. Smith and wife to Sarah Hawthorn lot 205, Shaws sub Long Lake, wd. 150 00

Mary G. Morrill and heirs to J. F. Shen lots 21, 22, blk 1 Starvin's sub Fox Lake, wd. 500 00

Something Like Snobbery.

The Montreal Gazette notes that a college woman who has been investigating sociological conditions in New York "was surprised to find that the waitresses in a cheap restaurant where she worked for a while incoherently were honest and kindly and happy." The Gazette wonders at her "surprise," and asks: "Does a person to be decent and good have to be a sociologist of independent means?"

His Word for It.

A married man informs us that one who tells his wife all he knows doesn't know much.

Use a Little Emery.

When a screwdriver bit refuses to take firm hold of a screw slot, a little emery dust in the slot will help.

Hatch Looks a Winner

(Continued from page four.)

the district for Munro gives much credence to that rumor.

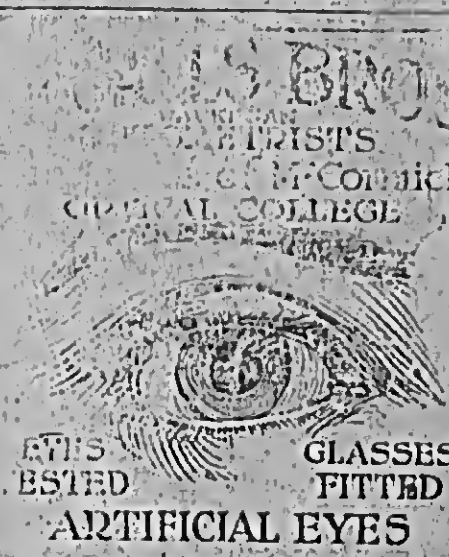
The Hatch supporters throughout the three counties are still working like beavers, feeling that they are backing a sure winner. They point to the fact that Mr. Hatch helped organize the Progressive party in this state, and was put on the Progressive state ticket in 1912 for his former office of university trustee, and that he received the highest vote of any candidate on the state Progressive ticket.

The temperance people of the three counties, that are in the Progressive ranks are enthusiastic in their support of Mr. Hatch as he has always been an earnest worker in their cause and stands pledged to work for and support a county option bill if elected.

If there is one characteristic which a member of the legislature from this district should have it is that of a knowledge of farming and dairying. Fred L. Hatch is equipped as few men in this district. A successful, thorough, practical and progressive farmer, knowing the wants and wishes of his constituents and what is best for them for the general good of the community there are few men better fitted to the district as good service as he is able to legislate for us.

As a man of integrity, honesty, determination of purpose, no one doubts Fred Hatch. When matter of importance shall come up for action you will find Hatch on the right side and the right side will always be in the interests of the dairy farmer.

A vote for Fred L. Hatch means vote for your own interests.



Come to Your

Lake County Fair

Libertyville, Ill.

SEPTEMBER 1, 2, 3, AND 4

\$3,600 in Purses—\$6,000 in Premiums

SPEED PROGRAM

Half Mile Track

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd

2:27 Trot.....\$100
2:24 Pace.....10
One Half Mile Running.....10
Three Fourths Mile Running.....10

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd

2:12 Pace.....\$10
2:11 Trot.....10
2:19 Pace.....10
One Mile Running.....10

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th

2:21 Trot.....\$10
County Race, Eligible to 2:24 class...10
2:21 Pace.....10
Three Fourths Mile Running.....10

Good Contested Ball Games

By best teams of Lake County

Wednesday, 1 p. m. Thursday, 10 a. m. and 1 p. m.

Friday, 1 p. m.

Band Concert. Free Attractions. Balloons Ascension with double parachute drop. Wild west show. Colored Minstrel show. Moving picture show. High dive. Gloomy Gus and Happyooligan.

Good Exhibit of Farm Machinery, Stock and Poultry

Dining Room and Lunch Service by different churches making it possible for you to have the same food as served on your table at home.

Wednesday—Children's Day

Thursday—North Shore Day and Milk Producers Day. Speakers to be furnished by the Milk Producers' Association.

Friday—Chicago and Politicians Day

Speakers—Hon. Lawrence Y. Sherman, Hon. William E. Mason, Hon. Rogers Sullivan, Hon. B. Stringer, Also Senatorial and Legislature Candidates from this district.

Come and bring your whole family for a day's outing

DON'T FORGET THE DATES



TO ALL REPUBLICANS:

I am informed that a statement has gained circulation to the effect that I am allied with and making a campaign in the interest of another candidate for the legislature.

I have no interest in any other candidacy than my own. I am expecting or giving no assistance to any candidate, and any statements are made simply to injure my chances and Lake County's chances to representation in the legislature.

No alliance will be made by me and any person in the future making any such claims is untruthful and not worthy consideration.

Very truly yours,
JAMES M. WOODMAN
Waukegan, Ill.



Advertisement

LEE McDONOUGH

Candidate for the Republican Nomination for

County Treasurer

Primaries, September 9th, 1914.

Your Support Will be Appreciated